

March 9, 1960

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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wedding

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KY 329

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 9, 1960

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● This week we posted a parcel of cookbooks to an unusual destination — Her Majesty's Gaol, Hobart.

A PRISONER had written to us:

"I am a great reader of your paper and I like it very much. I fill in a lot of my time writing down your very good cooking recipes. I must say there is such a lot of good recipes in your paper — not only in cake-making but everything you can think of."

"When I leave here I want to go back to cooking. So I would like to ask you could you please send me one of your good cooking books and any recipes you have."

"If so, you will be doing me a very good turn, and helping me such a lot when I leave this place in getting a good job somewhere."

"Wishing you good luck, all good selling, and please keep the good recipes up every week."

THE day before their wedding, Anne Baxter and Randolph Galt (our cover) posed for photographers on the ocean-front lawns of the home of Mr. Galt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Galt, in the exclusive Honolulu area of Kahala, near Diamond Head.

The wind blew Miss Baxter's hair and she carefully pushed it back with her left hand with its large square-cut emerald engagement ring.

"An emerald is my birthstone, and he didn't even know it," she said.

Her wedding ring is gold studded with diamonds.

GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff, told us that the first time he met boxer-model Tony Madigan (story, opposite page), Tony asked him if he knew Joe Liebling.

George said: "I searched my memory, but could not recall a fighter by that name."

"Oh, he's not a fighter," Tony explained. "He's a writer, author of a great book on boxing called 'The Sweet Science.'"

"I realised Tony meant A. J. Liebling, staff writer for 'The New Yorker,' an egg-head with a strange bent for boxing."

"I was impressed. Tony was the first boxer I had met since Gene Tunney who admitted even to a nodding acquaintance with the written word. Tunney is a shameless admirer of Shakespeare."

Tony is a graduate of Waverley College, Bondi, N.S.W., where he first boxed under Hughie Dwyer, the well-known trainer and referee.

MARCELLE POIRIER, of our Paris staff, told us that hair novelties made news at the Paris spring collections (pages 8 and 9).

Carita added fringes of real hair to triangular head-scarves and called them "Ninotchkas"

Our Cover



● Anne Baxter and her American-born grazing husband, Mr. Randolph Galt, of Gloucester N.S.W., leaving St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu, after their wedding. Eight-year-old Katrina, Miss Baxter's daughter by her first marriage, was flower-girl. This picture was taken specially for us by United Press.

—a fashion Brigitte Bardot approved.

She ordered three — blond, one brunette, the other red.

Alexandre designed cone hair to transform a 5 hairstyle for evening. All hair is swept to the top of head to make a cushion which the cone rests.

For added glitter, Alexandre draped a necklace round cone like a garland or Christmas tree.

Next Week

● Fashion editor Betty Keep presents Paris autumn suit news in a four-page feature in our next issue. Wonderful color pictures show the superb cut and elegant detail of suits by Maison Dior, Cardin, Rie. See what Paris suggests before deciding on the autumn suit that will take you well dressed into winter.

A model boxer

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

● Australia's handsome 30-year-old bachelor Tony Madigan is living the life of a latter-day Jekyll and Hyde in New York. In working hours he's one of the top-paid male models. In leisure hours he's one of the most successful amateur boxers—hopeful of the Olympics.

THE BOXER. Australian Olympian Tony Madigan (right) spars in Stillman's gym with a top U.S. professional, Rory Calhoun.

THE two worlds of Tony Madigan are so wildly dissimilar that only a highly adaptable personality could inhabit them simultaneously.

After exchanging blows daily with the toughest specimens in Stillman's Gymnasium on New York's raffish Eighth Avenue, Tony applies make-up to his facial bruises, combs his thick brown thatch, dons the latest in Madison Avenue fashions, and grimaces cutely for the cameras of fashion photographers and TV commercial-makers.

Tony—who for months has been on a tough conditioning programme in his efforts to win Olympic selection for Australia in Rome—regards his dual life as quite ordinary.

He has been modelling for only six of the 18 months he has been in New York, but he now commands the top rate of male pay—40 dollars (nearly £A17) an hour—and is in growing demand for photographic and TV assignments requiring rugged "he-man" models.

His manly visage gazes down on millions of American motorists from huge roadside billboards advertising a popular beer. He is seen by even more millions day and night on TV commercials advertising a large-selling cigarette. Soon all big-circulation magazines will show Tony, arms around a gaunt-faced mannequin, advertising coffee.

With this money potential, you'd imagine modelling would hold first priority in his thoughts of the future.

Olympic ambitions

But not so. His major ambition is to make his third try for the gold medal of the Olympic champions. He's already a dual Olympian, for he won selection in both the Helsinki and Melbourne Games.

The man who brought Tony to America is Colonel Eddie Egan, former Olympic cruiserweight champion.

Egan saw Tony box in Mexico City in the Diamond Belt competition of 1958, when the Australian stopped there en route home after the Cardiff Empire Games.

Egan, a wealthy Wall Street lawyer, was so impressed with Tony's ability he prevailed upon the boxer to come to New York instead of returning to Sydney.

Tony at first lived with Colonel Egan and his wife at their waterfront estate on Long Island Sound, but now has a flat in the Greenwich Village area of Manhattan.

Things looked bright for Tony after he fought through preliminary rounds of the famous Golden Gloves championships, and won the New York title in Madison Square Garden early in 1959. But he lost on points to a clever young negro in the Gloves finals in Chicago, and was later beaten in the U.S. National amateur championships.

This put an end to Tony's professional ambitions.

About this time, TV broadcaster Bud Palmer, a former hockey and basketball star, suggested he try photographic modelling to earn enough to stay on and continue training.

"I felt pretty silly about the whole idea at first," Tony told me. "But when I saw football players, wrestlers, and those types getting into the act I changed my mind."

Tony's strong-boned face shows no marks of his 10 years or more of amateur fighting, and he can pose for any kind of photograph. He has done lots of work with girl models.

"Close up they are about as thin as this," Tony said, holding up an index finger. "And under the make-up their complexions are sometimes pretty bad."

He seldom asks one for a date. "Let's face it, they are too skinny," he said. "I like a girl who looks like a girl!"

Tony is a bit different from the usual run of boxers, not only in his job but in his hobbies. Among other things he likes to read, and has caused many a scarred eyebrow to rise in Stillman's by arriving with a book under his arm.

"Bad for the eyesight," said one old-time manager. "I don't encourage none of my fighters to do any readin'."

Tony's interest in books is understandable. Both his parents were professional people. His father, a doctor, died in their home in Kirribilli when Tony was eight. His mother, a dentist, is still practising in Sydney.

THE MALE MODEL. Tony Madigan, who is earning 40 dollars (nearly £A17) an hour, poses with a New York model for a fashion advertisement.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1960



HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN



ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly . . . after one lather . . . your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

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Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3



R074

WHY BE AN ECHO OF YOUR HUSBAND?

● Don't be a carbon-copy of your husband. That's the advice of grandmother-industrialist Anna Zwerin — and she has given much thought to the subject.

FAR too many women passively reflect their husbands' lives and ideas," said Mrs. Zwerin. "They should develop their own personalities through special interests and learn to think and express their own opinions.

"I'm a great believer in women working—at a job if they are not prevented by children, or at something that absorbs them and helps them develop as individuals.

"A man respects a wife with interests and opinions of her own. Children respect a mother who is more than a household parrot."

Mrs. Zwerin, a Russian-born American, is a delegate to the International Congress of Scientific Management in Sydney and Melbourne.

But she is also one of those by-products of the 20th century — a woman who manages not a house but a big industrial company.

As president of the Capitol Steel Corporation of New York she runs three big factories—in Baltimore and Jersey City, U.S.A., and in Israel—which fabricate steel for reinforcing concrete.

She has been doing this for seven years, ever since her husband died and she took over his presidential desk.

Although she has a son, Michael—and an eight-year-old granddaughter—he is not in the business. He is a musician who specialises in the trombone and who plays and arranges progressive jazz.

"I don't understand it," she said. "I'm not geared to it. But I'm prepared to listen, and hope that one day he may give up the trombone for fabricated steel."

Brown-eyed, soft-voiced Mrs. Zwerin (the name in Russian means "beastly") was born Anna Krutchkoff in Kiev, but left Russia with



RUSSIAN-BORN American Mrs. Anna Zwerin, grandmother president of a steel company. She says women should develop their own interests and not merely parrot their husbands' opinions.

her parents well before the 1917 Revolution and settled in the United States in 1912.

She was then 10, and has never forgotten her native language, although before she spent a month in Russia a

time when his company would be without him.

"He never asked me to take charge, but when he died I knew I had to continue work."

"For the first two years and even now — I could have carried on without help of my wonderful staff, especially the manager who was my husband's first employee."

In those early years, when she was learning to handle a big business, including knowledge of steel and marketing and production technique

one of the most important things she learnt was to keep her mouth shut until she knew what she was talking about.

"One thing I have learnt in working in industry has taught me is that by far the most important consideration in management is human relationships."

"An owner or head of a firm — and this also applies to executives — must have a tremendous regard for employees."

"The constant objective of management must be to improve that relationship."

"Because I feel so strongly about this I have introduced profit-sharing as an extension of the employees' insurance plan my husband started."

"Every person in my employ has a stake in the business, based on length of service and salary."

"This is part of good human relations, because in the modern age if an employer wants his employees to be interested in their work and give loyal service then he must recognise their right to expect a share in the business they help build."

"This, to me, is elementary. Good human relations pay dividends for all."

By
RONALD McKIE,
staff reporter

year ago she brushed up on her verbs.

"I went to many places, including Kiev, and found that conditions in Russia were different and better than the

Learn to voice your own opinions, says industrialist

impression I get from American newspapers.

"I was received with open arms, invited into homes, and people talked freely to me."

"My general impression is that since Stalin's death there has been a tremendous improvement in all ways."

"Civil liberties are still restricted, and some of those restrictions are bad, but a new liberal wind is blowing through the country."

By profession Mrs. Zwerin is a schoolteacher. She has an M.A. from New York University, and she taught in junior high school for many years after she married Samuel Zwerin, a civil engineer, 30 years ago.

She did this because she believes in women working or having a serious interest, and her husband supported this belief.

"He was a wonderful man, and ours was an idyllic marriage, but he was also a fine organiser who prepared for the

The two grand 'old ladies' of swimming

● Australia's two most popular water babies of the 'fifties have become the grand "old ladies" of swimming in 1960. But they don't intend to let "advancing years" interfere with their tradition of collecting a loot of gold and silver—in the shape of Olympic medals.



"VETERAN" Lorraine Crapp, 21-year-old Olympic champion, and likely medal-winner at the Rome Games. She now wears her fair hair long and plaited for swimming, which she says is "tidier."

THE two champions on whose shoulders Father Time is resting so heavily are the sensational Dawn Fraser, aged 22, and her swim twin, Lorraine Crapp, 21.

Maybe their years don't give them oldtimers' status in your book, but in women's Olympic swimming circles they're veterans among teenage sensations such as Ilsa Konrads—a mere 15.

How does it feel to be old at 21 or 22?

Blue-eyed Dawn Fraser gave one of her beguiling grins and said: "It feels great. I've never been fitter. I felt older and less capable of smashing records when I was a teenager."

It was a good time to ask Dawn this question. For just 36 hours earlier she'd smashed three world records in a row at the Australian Championships in Sydney.

This really didn't amaze the experts, for Dawn, a 1956 Olympic champion, has cracked swimming records with such monotonous regularity that she was nicknamed "Cracker" Fraser.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

At 22, Dawn thinks she has lots of swimming ahead of her, and hopes still to be winning medals at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964.

"Give up swimming?" she asked with horror.

"Why, no. What else would I do?"

Sydney-born, Dawn followed coach Harry Gallagher to Adelaide, is a store floorwalker there.

For the record, she's 5ft. 8½in., weighs 10st. 5lb; has no special diet fads except "eating lots and lots of steak," likes cakes, etc., in winter, but for weight reasons not in summer; collects records, mainly jazz and rock-n-roll; goes dancing occasionally, to the movies often; plays squash in winter; trains for four hours a day, starting at 6 a.m., in summer and has a 9.30 p.m. curfew; still gets nervous before a race; has a charming, almost tomboyish, sense of humor.

And though doctors say her heartbeat is one of the slowest they've measured—it has helped make her a champion—she admits she has one boy-friend in Adelaide who makes it beat much faster. But he's been so neglected because of swimming training in recent months that she's not sure whether it's serious.

How does the veteran's role affect Lorraine Crapp, also a 1956 Olympic champion and one of the most popular Australian sporting figures.

The streamlined Lorraine—who at 9st. 12lb. has lost nearly two stone—said: "The teenage champions are all wonderful kids, so I feel right at home with them. And I've never felt fitter, except I get more butterflies before a big race. It gets worse as you get older."

Lorraine, known among her friends as "Lainey," thinks the reason teenagers predominate among women swimming champions is that "when girls get to 18 or 19 they realise there are more things in life than swimming."

"Lainey" herself retired for a year, has just made a successful comeback.

When the Rome Games are over she intends to give up swimming for all time. "And that's for sure," she said in her soft, shy voice. "You get sick of swimming."

For the record: she's 5ft. 7in.; has blue eyes; likes music and dancing, but in the swimming season goes to bed at 7 p.m.; trains for four hours a day, with a 5.30 a.m. start; has no diet fads, but loves Italian food, especially spaghetti, and experiments in cooking it for her family; adores water skiing.

Lorraine, friendly but reticent, is noncommittal about whether she currently has a serious love interest. And maybe the sparkle in her eyes had nothing to do with the question.



"OLDTIMER" Dawn Fraser, 22-year-old record-smasher, looking smart in Bermuda shorts. Her brown hair is highlighted by silvery tips—added by a hair color spray, NOT by Father Time.

Hear the music you know
gain a dramatic new
colourful quality on



®

Stereo

'grams



The difference between standard and stereo recording is as great as the difference between a black-and-white photograph and one taken in colour. S.T.C. stereo gives you this 'colour' in abundance — a rich and many-hued reproduction of voice and instruments as they should really sound.

But don't think that buying stereo means the end of your 'old style' records... far from it! One of the wonderful features of an S.T.C. stereo 'gram is the fact that it makes any non-stereo record sound *twice as good*, by 'doubling' it through its twin amplifiers and speakers.

Now that stereo is here to stay, it's really time you gave yourself the pleasure of hearing a demonstration on one of the superb S.T.C. units. Your S.T.C. retailer will be happy to let you hear how magnificently S.T.C. stereo transforms your favourite music from 'black-and-white' sound into the rounded, sparkling colour-tones you could once hear only at a 'live' performance.

S.T.C. STEREO LUXE is one of the fine console stereo 'grams from S.T.C., all featuring 4 speeds, automatic mixer-changer for both stereo and standard discs, and powerful radio reception. Cabinets have ample storage for all sizes and types of records, and are finished in a choice of Walnut, Maple and Mahogany veneers, hand-polished for life-time beauty.

Price, 122 gns.



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Contemporary-styled to fit gracefully into modern settings. Has a rich, powerful tone from twin 9" x 6" speakers in the separated speaker enclosure.



S.T.C. 'STEREO VOX'

A special, exclusive feature is the removable second speaker which can be placed away from the main enclosure to fill large rooms, large audiences. Price, 112 gns.



S.T.C. 'ALEXANDRA'

The world of entertainment in one single, superb instrument. A brilliant 21" S.T.C. VISTASCOPE TV receiver, world-range radio and hi-fidelity stereophonic unit are combined in a cabinet of contemporary beauty, finished in richest matched veneers. Price, 370 gns.

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DON'TS for secretaries

HABITS THAT MAKE THE BOSS CROSS

● So you want to be a big executive's Girl Friday (plus Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday).

OR that's your ambition — to be an efficient secretary.

The word to emphasise is "efficient." Being a good secretary takes more than speed-typing and shorthand.

It takes initiative, poise, commonsense, and responsibility.

If you don't have those qualifications (basically, at least), then it's unlikely you'll progress much further than the Girl Who Makes the Morning Tea.

Naturally, you want to succeed in the business or professional world.

And as a secretary a big part of that success will be your ability to create (and keep) harmony in the office.

Personal mannerisms and irritating habits that the secretary's family accepts with tolerance can madden even the best-natured boss.

Pet peeves

In an American survey, 100 business executives were asked about their "pet peeves." The executives listed 86 secretarial blunders:

- Interrupting a conference or interview for some trivial matter.
- Mumbled or slurred speech.
- Untidy typing.
- Mis-spelling simple words, like "receive" and "accommodate."
- Breaking office confidences.
- A shrill, nasal, or raucous voice.
- Sullen temperament.
- Ink-stained fingers.
- Failure to finish a typing job on time.
- Over-familiarity.
- Talking and chewing at the same time.
- Slangy vocabulary.
- Unpunctuality.
- "Shutting-up shop" too early.
- Too much make-up.
- Using the office telephone for personal calls.
- Having boy-friend or family phone the office during business hours.
- Asking for more than an hour for lunch—to shop, or for personal errands—without offering to "make it up."
- Nervous mannerisms.
- Being bored or resentful when asked to read back dictation.
- Trying to escape work by

too-often visits to the powder-room.

● Forgetting to tell the boss of an approaching appointment.

● Refusing to work overtime.

● Responding nonchalantly to a hurried summons.

● Eavesdropping.

● Whistling on the job.

● A condescending manner to office visitors.

● Using outlandish gestures while speaking.

● Hysterical giggling.

● "Improving" the boss' dictation without getting his permission first.

● Ladders in stockings.

● A dissipated, ooh-that-party-last-night look.

● Pronounced overweight.

● Thick foreign accent.

● Lipping.

● A forced and insincere smile.

● A "tight," tense face.

● "Buttonholing" colleagues in the corridors, and wasting time with idle chatter.

● Stuttering.

● Illegible handwriting.

● A sing-song way of answering the phone.

● Too-strong perfume.

● Dresses and accessories in colors that clash.

● Foot-tapping during dictation.

● Using double negatives in speech and writing.

● Squinting.

● Sending out for "snacks" several times a day.

● Opening the boss' personal mail "in error."

● Run-down heels.

● Smoking in the office—without permission.

● Threats to leave as a "technique" to get a rise.

● Asking for a loan.

● Giving silly reasons for making mistakes.

● Re-arranging the office without permission.

● Over-cultivation of the boss' wife.

● Ungainly posture, sitting or standing.

● Changing the format of typed letters without permission.

● Forgetting pencil or notebook when called for dictation.

● Fidgeting so that desk or chair squeaks.

● Changing the typewriter ribbon too infrequently.

● Habitually acting "worried."

● Neglecting to say "good morning" or "good night."

● Too-tight clothing.

● Round shoulders.

● Giving unasked-for advice about office matters.

● Constant teasing of a colleague.

● Unsolicited advice about personal matters.

● Moving the boss' personal effects (like his cigarettes and matches) from their customary place.

● Reading in office time when there's work to be done.

● Allowing the boss' desk to get dusty and untidy.

● Frowning.

● Swinging a crossed leg, as a habit.

● Neglecting to keep fountain-pens filled.

● A shiny nose.

● Letting the office clock run down.

● Making exaggerated excuses for minor mistakes.

● Sharp retorts, especially over the telephone.

● A half-starved appearance—due to too much dieting.

● Dresses that are too fussy for the office.

● Outlandish hair-styles.

● Claw-like fingernails.

● Baby talk.

● Monopolising a friendly conversation.

● Failure to join in the group spirit.

● Reading back without looking up.

● Wearing shabby or unpolished shoes.

Of course, there's plenty to think about in these 86 items that make a boss cross.

Forget glamor

But the outlook isn't completely stormy. You've probably heard of those legendary secretaries who seem to anticipate their employer's needs—the girls whose decision to quit and get married leaves the boss depressed for days.

The boss' golden opinion doesn't result from mere luck. Promotion is the result of personal qualities and talents—most of them easily cultivated.

For example, a pleasant disposition and willingness to learn are far more important than a pretty face.

Forget the ideal of "office glamor."

Simple, spotless, well-pressed dresses belong in the office. It's not the place for a slinky silk sheath. Business men wear business suits; business girls should dress appropriately, too.



Your office mood should match your office clothes.

Your office manner should be quiet, like your clothes. To be tactful, you have to have a pleasant smile for the president of the company—or the office boy.

Can you keep confidences? Silence about business concerns is a must. Too many people are ready to take advantage of "inside" information.

There are three types of information for a secretary: that to be shared with no one; that to be shared discreetly (and always check with the boss); that to be shared with everyone. Keep the three types under control.

Be a barrier.

You protect your boss against unimportant interruptions—but you make sure you know which ones are unimportant. You handle as much of the small detail as you can by yourself (but you don't become self-important about it all). You guard the boss against people he doesn't want to see and appointments he doesn't want to keep. But you do it tactfully, and with a smile. You're like one of those electrified fences to keep out trespassers.

Be understanding.

You forget thoughtless words spoken during business discussions. You learn to be impersonal. And you always give full credit where it's due.

Make note of things to be remembered.

You listen closely to your boss, and make notes of things to be done later. He never has to tell you twice. You're always there when he needs you. And you aren't a clock-watcher.

Two of the youngest women to attend a recent three-day course for top secretaries in Sydney were 21-year-olds Pam Keith (centre) and Joan Moore (right), here with June Dally-Watkins, who gave the group a short lecture on grooming. The course, arranged by the Australian Institute of Management, also included lectures on duties of a secretary, filing, meeting procedure, telephone technique, travel, and communications.

Have telephone charm.

Tact, friendliness, and a pleasant telephone voice can soften the disappointment when you have to say the boss is out. Always ask if you can help in the meantime. You are loyal to the boss, and you always speak of him respectfully.

Be a good housekeeper.

It's important to keep the boss' desk—and office—neat, dusted, and in order. You are the only person who is trusted with his papers, etc.—so you do the housework. Your own desk is efficiently neat, too.

Build confidence in yourself.

Your boss has confidence in you because, whether you have to do the filing or not, you know exactly where to find any paper quickly. You never make spelling mistakes because you have a dictionary.

Be a creative listener.

Have your hearing tested because good listening depends on adequate hearing and concentrated attention.

For the boss

And to improve your listening ability:

- Keep your mind on the boss' words.
- Look up at him occasionally to watch his lips as he dictates.

● If he goes too fast, tell him so.

● Make sure you're comfortable, and sitting in a good light.

● Find out whether it's easier for you personally to take down words—or phrases.

● Try to increase your attentive span. If you can now take four words before a break, then try for five.

All this sounds very complicated. But it's not.

The most important thing is to pay strict attention to your work, and to develop tact in your treatment of others.

And now for the boss:

Dear Sir:

You will make life easier for your secretary if you are—or become—skilled in dictating letters.

1. Jot down all the ideas you want to include in the letter.

2. Arrange them in logical order.

3. Think of a friendly sentence before you begin to dictate.

4. Take up the points in logical order, usually one to a paragraph.

This feature is adapted from the book, "Make Your Business Letters Make Friends," by James F. Bender, and published by The World's Work (1913) Ltd.

SPLIT-LEVEL dress from the Laroche collection. The dress has a "slack" silhouette indented under the bosom and at the hip-line level.



ELEGANT box-pleated tunic dress by Pierre Cardin. The tunic blouses under softly at the hipline; straight skirt just covers the wearer's knees.



1960 VERSION of the Charleston dress, designed by Jean Deases. The black-tipped, white-beaded fringe swirls as the wearer moves.



SAINT-LAURENT at Dior designed this poucho-type tunic suit in black-and-white tweed, adding a black fringe trim. The skirt flares gently.



DIOR calls this orange-and-yellow printed taffeta dress "Mexico." The dress has the new up-in-front and down-at-back hemline.



ORIENT-INSPIRED tunic by Dior is long and slender. It is slashed from an Empire-line to reveal an embroidered sheath.



Paris Surprises...

It's the story of the
disappearing waist
and blown-up fullness

THE dominant theme in the Paris spring collections is a new free and fluid elegance. Paris designers are no longer intrigued with the waist. The silhouette surrounds, but seldom comes to grips with, the body. The fit has a full, "blown-up" look, or it is slack. The daytime skirt length is slightly longer than last season's knee-high level—in most instances it comfortably covers the knee. Variations of a backswept hem (for formal evening) are found in most fashion houses. These are both pretty and exotic; the fabric choice, which is often flowered, adds the pretty look. The tunic, for night and day, still strikes a significant note in fashion. This year's version can be oriental, it can be softly pleated, it can follow the line of a poncho, or it can be bubble-shape over a pencil-slim underskirt. Desses reintroduced the Charleston dress of the '20s. His 1960 version has a beaded fringe—white tipped with black. At Dior, embroidery is an important item. And in all houses jewellery is used in moderation. Line and color have banished too much clutter and detail. Spring hats are the talk of Paris. The new millinery silhouette, high and roomy, is just as much a necessity as a fantasy. For, most important, it is built to cover spring's new, piled-up hairstyles.

—BETTY KEEP



THE SURPRISE silhouette at Dior is this "blown-up" balloon-like tunic and slender skirt. The coral beads and bracelet pick up the color in the flowered silk.

Be the lady with the "Velvet Touch"



be the lady who can save so much!
SAVE CLOTHES! SAVE HANDS! SAVE MONEY!

The "Velvet Touch" is the happy knack of good housekeeping... helps you save so much!

With economical Velvet soap you can do a full week's dishwashing for only 4½d... much less than other washing products!

Velvet saves your busy hands from showing housework... Velvet is pure soap, so naturally it's gentle. Use Velvet and save the life of your family's clothes, too!

100% pure...
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PURE SOAP

Housewives give big preference to Marveer furniture polish

It costs less and does more...including
removing scratches and stains!

Restore furniture to its original lustre with Marveer—Nature's own food for furniture and woodwork. Marveer will remove scratches, stains, and impart a gleaming surface. In one effortless operation you CLEAN and POLISH with Marveer... it removes scratches, abrasions and dull spots with just a few drops and a minimum amount of rubbing. Marveer rejuvenates your furniture, bringing back the beauty of the natural grain and imparting a new satin-like lustre. Marveer is so easy to use, it takes all the drudgery out of caring for your furniture.

Fine for refrigerators—
Laminex too!

Marveer will bring back the sparkle and shine to all baked enamel and plastic surfaces. Your refrigerator, stove front, elec-

tric mixer, telephone, wire-less cabinet, leatherette upholstery and children's toys can be cleaned and polished with Marveer. Household articles that used to take hours of cleaning and polishing each week will now look brand spanking new with Magic Marveer, and it takes just a few seconds out of your day.

Obtainable from all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery stores.

Also available in 1 gallon cans for Hospitals, Institutional and Commercial Users.



A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.S.W.

Worth Reporting

If a man's home has anything to do with his success in life, then Sydney artist John Howley should rise to great heights.

He lives in a loft above the oven of a Paddington bakery.

We thought it might be a bit hot, especially in heat-waves. But no. "It's a defunct bakery," he explained.

Bearded, brown-eyed John Howley has worked in a variety of occupations.

He has taught art for the Department of Education in



• John Howley—painting is such sweet jazz.

Victoria, been ward porter in hospitals, worked in a stocking factory and in a wire factory.

Nowadays, when he's not painting he plays the double bass in his jazz band, the Royal Georgians.

SOME ducks have been timed to fly at 130 m.p.h. Then they slow down. Chicken?

Don't be con-fused

WE switched on a high-voltage smile. It seemed appropriate, because we were at a party to introduce a new electrical gadget.

At this party there were about 25 men and us. The men were having a lovely time talking about circuit-breakers and fuses and things.

It was all rather confusing. But we did manage to find out what the new gadget was: it's a circuit-breaker designed to do away with fuses in domestic and commercial power-boxes.

Let us suppose you're using the iron and the cord fuses. Automatically the circuit-breaker cuts off the power before you get a short-circuit. All you have to do is disconnect the faulty iron, and restore the power by switching the breaker on again.

Or if you overload the wiring by using too many electrical appliances, the circuit-breaker warns you to switch off one or two (like radiators, which use a lot of power).

It might sound simple enough—but it cost Australian manufacturers £15,000 in research and development.

The Princess is "warm"

"TO me this is real theatre—just like the old ones in London," said New York producer John Fearnley.

He was looking round approvingly at Melbourne's Princess Theatre, where he's directing the new play "Music Man."

The Princess is decked out in red brocade and heavily gilded plaster-work. Said Mr. Fearnley: "It's warm. Modern theatre buildings—like the Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon—are as cold as ice, emotionally."

We began talking about TV. Mr. Fearnley said he likes to watch it—but that it led to some odd situations.

"One of my closest friends, Jan Clayton, used to play the boy's mother in the TV classic 'Lassie,'" he said.

"One day, as she was leaving a parking lot, she saw Liberace."

"So she called out, 'Hullo, Lee,' and he said, 'Hi, there, Jan.'"

"They were on Christian-name terms, but they had never met. They simply knew each other through watching TV."

Can't rush in Russian shops

ACCORDING to two Brisbane schoolboys, Russian ice-cream is the world's best.

The boys—James and Alexander Cutts—are connoisseurs, because they've travelled a lot and (naturally) they tasted the ice-cream in every country they visited.

Nine-year-old Alexander and James, 11, arrived home recently after nearly two months in Russia. Their father, Mr. Trevor Cutts, is Australian Charge d'Affaires.

In Moscow Mrs. Cutts took her sons shopping.

"First, you queue up for the goods you want to buy," James explained.

"Then you join another queue to get a special ticket for the things you've chosen."

"Then you have to join a different queue to pay for everything."



• James (left) and Alexander Cutts, who say the world's best ice-cream is Red.



• Mrs. Heini Fuss—a model-type picture.

Models don't slouch...

SHE was wearing a cocktail dress of black coin-spotted paper taffeta, a slender dress with great puffy sleeves.

"I usually stand like this," she said, slouching comfortably while our photographer fiddled with his camera.

"Surely not," we said.

At that, Mrs. Heini Fuss straightened. She angled her feet (one in front of the other), put a hand on her hip, and gazed reflectively into space.

The shutter clicked.

How to stand while having a picture taken is no mystery to Mrs. Fuss. She is the former Sydney model Fairy Folkes.

Now she lives in London with her Austrian dress-manufacturer husband—they met at a fashion parade.

Fairy flew home to see her family for the first time in six years. And she dropped in to see us, so we took a model-type picture (above), in memory of the "old days."

Fairy is as blond and pretty as ever, with one difference: she was sporting a suntan, but not from sunbaking at Bondi—from a few weeks' holiday skiing at St. Moritz.

★ ★ ★

AN "Asian Transitional Course," held recently at Victoria's Swinburne Technical College, was planned to help Asian students overcome their natural shyness. The students soon began to feel at home; they even bestowed a nickname on one of the lecturers—a gentleman with a rather unpredictable temper. They called him Mr. Melbourne Weather.

happy feet happy day

You'll get greater relief for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk. Just bathe the feet in water, dry thoroughly, rub in Zam-Buk. The efficient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the feet to bring relief for aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, insect bites, sunburn, rash, get Zam-Buk to-day.

ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL OIL is a non-greasy treatment in a massage for tired feet and muscular pain.

DEARBORN'S PURE MERCOLIZ WAX FACE CREAM



"The loveliest..."



OVALTINE RUSKS

—safest and best for your baby

★ Gently baked to crisp perfection

★ Specially shaped to build teeth and gums

★ Safer. Don't crumble or break in lumps

ONLY 33 PKT. EVERYWHERE



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet: "Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls."

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, soothes scalp irritations and keeps baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/11

Curlypet

STAY AWAKE!



AWAKENERS

prevent and relieve drowsiness and fatigue. No after effects. Not habit forming.

AT YOUR CHEMIST

BOND'S

Beautiful Babywear

STYLED BY FAMOUS AMERICAN AND CONTINENTAL DESIGNERS

Your baby deserves the best. That's why he needs the light warmth of Bond's top-quality interlock every month of the year. Bond's beautiful interlock is so soft on baby's tender skin, and the pretty new designs are styled by famous American and Continental designers.

Bond's babywear thrives on washing, too. You can even toss them in the washing machine, and they need only the lightest touch of an iron. In pink, white and blue, for babies up to 2 years. See the new styles.

FREE "The TV Party", a book of fascinating Baby photographs.

Clip this coupon and send it to Bond's, 100 Mallett St., Camperdown, N.S.W., with a fivepenny stamp. The whole family will enjoy these cute Baby photographs.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



Cosy for the coldest nights, smocked nightgown has side neck opening, elasticised wristbands. 14/11.

Smocked Matinee jacket is lace-trimmed, ties in front with nylon bow. Washes perfectly. 12/11.

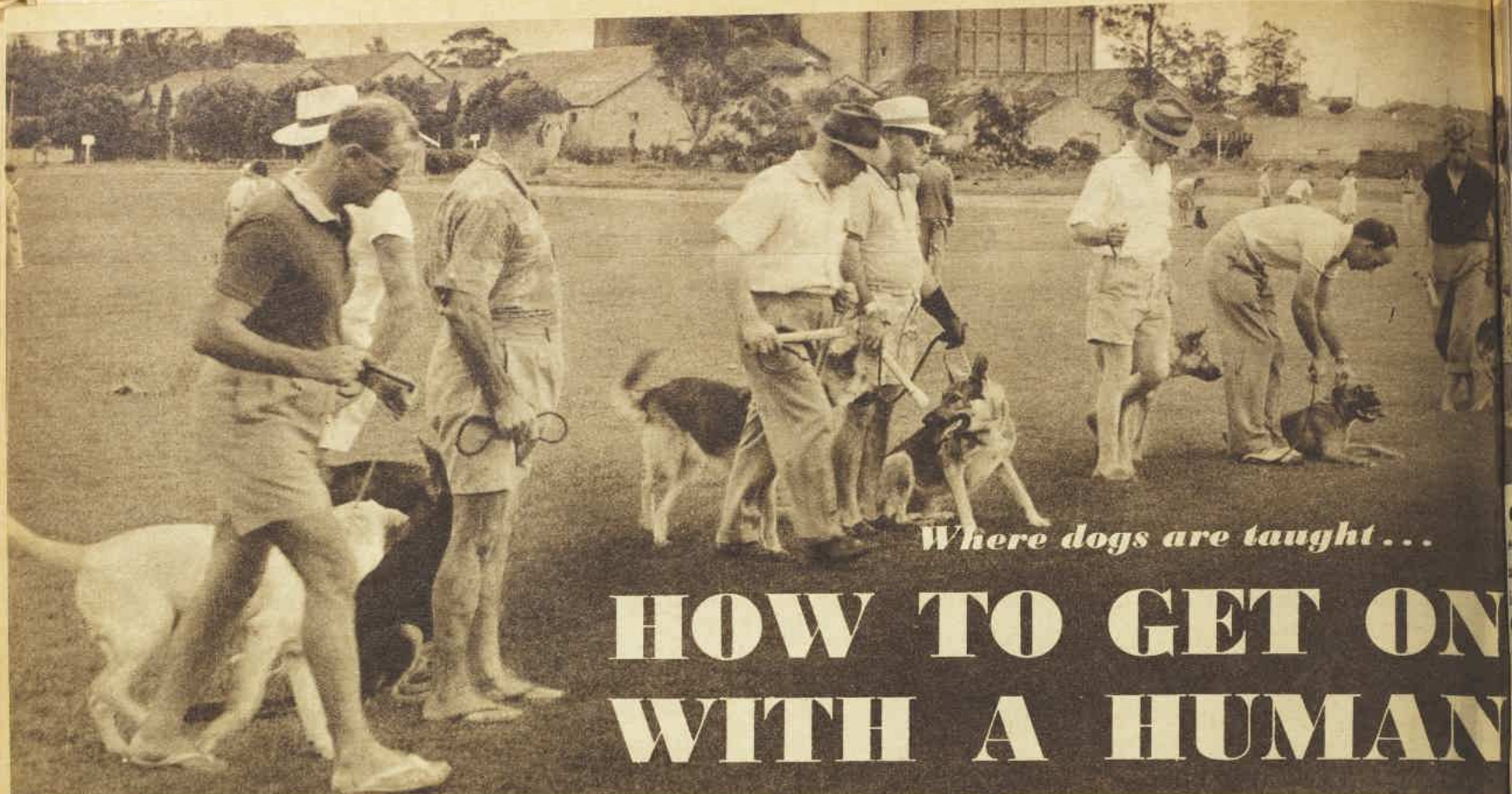
Drawstring nightgown with a "Nevabind" neck opening so garment can be put on and removed easily. In two sizes. To 12 months 16/11. To 18 months, 19/11.

Matinee jacket is perfect for all-day or night wear. Trimmed with nylon bows over press studs. 8/11.

Training pants have soft, absorbent interlining. Can also be used as pithers. To 12 months. 9/11.

Full-length nightgown opens down the back, is delicately smocked across the front. 14/11





Where dogs are taught...

HOW TO GET ON WITH A HUMAN



LESSON about to begin (above) with pupils finding places, ready for the whistle. There are six grades in the "school," plus a special half-hour "puppy class."



INATTENTIVE PUPIL. Otto, an 18-month-old tan miniature dachshund, in class with owner Mrs. P. E. Mote, Revesby, turns round to camera.

UNUSUAL club member is Fairways Facet leuse, a 3½-month-old French bulldog, whose owner is Miss M. Foley, Drummoyne. Annual fee covers every meeting and veterinary examinations.



● "Wagging" is not punished at this Sydney school, though the 200 pupils seldom miss a class. It's the Sydney All Breed Dog Training Club run by Dutchman Cor Scholten. Canine pets attend lessons every Sunday morning at St. Luke's Park, Concord. They are taught to heel, sit, stand, and lie, as well as advanced lessons in seeking lost articles, delivering messages, and jumping. Kindness is encouraged—severe punishment is out.



"STAY" is command given to Paree, a miniature poodle, by owner, Mrs. J. Manns, Kirrae.



MACGREGOR, collie held by Miss E. Chapman, Bexley, is enrolled by Club Steward Mrs. J. Ellis.



PROUD OWNER three-year-old Mark Goldstein, of Cattai, with family pet German shepherd dog Fang. Dogs have homework, daily repeating lessons learnt.



TRIO of pupils arriving for school are (from left) a 12-week-old border collie, a labrador, and a seven-week-old border collie, with their mistress, Valda Simpson, of Blacktown. Pictures on these pages are by staff photographer Ron Berg.

MAX FACTOR
brings you fashion's blazing new look for your lips...

Goldfire!

One lipstick alone couldn't possibly bring this blazing new look to your lips—the Goldfire Glow. It takes two. From deepest smouldering red to a cool golden flame, create it yourself with MAX FACTOR's incendiary new GOLDFIRE RED and iridescent GOLDEN FROST. Wear Red on top and Gold below for a subtle luminescence. Wear Gold over Red for exciting new depth of colour. Wear one as a liner, the other to fill in, for fabulous dramatic effects. Or wear either shade alone. Any way you wear Goldfire, the result is fabulous.



Max Factor's blazing new duo, Hi-Society Goldfire Red and special Iridescent Golden Frost lipsticks. While this offer lasts, the two lipsticks for just **10/9**



SPECIAL GOLDFIRE HI-SOCIETY LIPSTICK SETS

Your choice of three lovely and different Hi-Society mirror-lipstick cases, plus Goldfire Red and Golden Frost lipsticks. The complete set for just **16/9**

GOLDEN FROST EYE - SHADOW. TOO, to light your eyes with a new, soft, golden, iridescence. **9/11**



FOR THE MOST EXCITING PRODUCTS IN THIS FABULOUS WORLD OF BEAUTY LOOK TO MAX FACTOR

Win a holiday in Paris



WITH JEAN HOWALD (left), director of the Maggy Rouff fashion house, French hair stylist Rene Luzic interviews applicants in Paris for the Hair and Fashion Parades.

● Entries are coming in from every State in Australia for our Model Quest.

THE winner of our Model Quest will fly to Paris for two weeks' holiday.

The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Maggy, is conducting the Model Quest as part of the 'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival'.

Do you want to know the very latest in hair styling and grooming? That will be demonstrated, in each capital city, by famous overseas hairdresser M. Rene Luzic.

We are also presenting win fashion collections with M. Luzic's demonstrations.

From Paris, we are flying out assembles from top couturier Maggy Rouff; they will be shown with a collection from the Australian Wool Bureau.

The winners of our Model Quest—Color Queen and two runners-up, Color Princesses—will appear in each State with M. Luzic.

Here is a list of prizes:

Color Queen

- Two weeks' holiday in Paris, all expenses paid.
- A dress from the latest collection of top Paris couturier Maggy Rouff.
- Tour of all Australian

capital cities with the L'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.

- £220 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £12/12/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

Color Princesses

- Ten days' holiday in Hongkong, travelling by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight, all expenses paid.

- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.
- £150 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £7/7/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

HOW TO ENTER

- Quest entrants must be single Australian citizens, and available to travel from April 1 to June 30, inclusive.

The coupon on this page should be completed (please use block letters) and sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Coupons must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the entrant.

No responsibility can be taken for the photographs. They become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., and will be destroyed when the quest ends.

The quest will close on March 14. The Color Queen and the Color Princesses will be chosen by a panel of beauty and fashion experts. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., Marigny (A'asia) Pty. Ltd., and of allied companies or their families are not eligible to enter the quest.

OUR MODEL QUEST

- I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

.....

STATE

HEIGHT WEIGHT

MEASUREMENTS: Bust Waist Hips

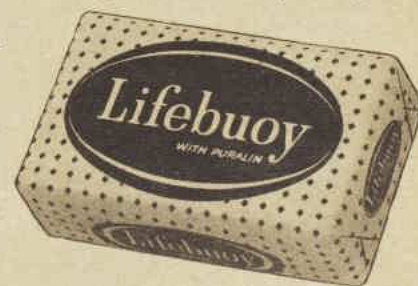
COLOR OF HAIR

Note: This coupon must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the quest entrant.



Lifebuoy protects your personal freshness ...so pleasantly

You keep this "just-bathed" freshness all day! After a bath or shower with Lifebuoy soap you feel like singing. You're alive, so clean, so completely fresh, as fresh as Spring itself. How thrilling to know that you keep this freshness—right through the busiest day. For fragrant, mild Lifebuoy is made to protect your personal freshness. Its cool, creamy, lather contains Puralin, a purifying, deodorizing ingredient that stops perspiration odour in the nicest way. Step into a Lifebuoy bath or shower first thing every day—and keep that "just-bathed" freshness all day.



The people who are nice to know keep Lifebuoy-fresh from top to toe . . .

W.330 WW1430

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A Blonde to Breakfast

IT was an ordinary sort of night—which meant it was now about one o'clock in the morning—and Kingsley Peel had walked out on to the balcony of his bachelor flat, high above the road. Behind him, in the smoke-laden room, his desk was littered with notes on the social changes in the eighteenth century, the lecture he was giving in the morning.

This was the time he liked most, standing there breathing the cool, quiet air and staring idly down at the late-night traffic. After keeping company with a set of gaudy historical characters, it helped to fix his perspective again, to see people the way they really were, small and fussy, down there below.

Kingsley yawned and ran a hand round his neck. He was just going back inside when there was a squeal of brakes. He looked down curiously at a car just below him—a taxi. And while he watched, the driver climbed out and leant in the back.

The next moment he was crossing the pavement with a girl slung over his shoulder. Kingsley grinned and went on his way again. Somebody, he thought, had had too much party.

He walked round the flat, clicking switches on and off and loosening his tie. He squinted at himself in the bathroom mirror while he ran the cold tap. He looked tired round the eyes and his shoulders were droopy from too much desk work.

Perhaps he'd go climbing in the Long Vac, he thought, as he started to splash his face. It was only a week away. He could go with one of the student groups to the Pyrenees, except that they probably wouldn't want him along. He was an old man of twenty-nine. He stopped splashing suddenly as he heard his doorbell ring.

For heaven's sake, he thought, feeling for a towel, who could want him at this hour? He walked along the passage, dabbing himself dry as he went.

When he opened the door the taxi-driver walked straight past him, still with the girl across his shoulder.

"Hey! Wait a minute," Kingsley said, startled. "You've got the wrong flat." He had a momentary glimpse of blonde hair breaking in a silky wave as the girl's body was laid across his couch.

The driver came back towards him, working his shoulder. "This is fifty-three, isn't it?"

"That's right. But . . ."

"Well, that's what she said. Fifty-three Mortend Court. There's fifteen shillings on the meter . . ." He pushed his cap back and stood with his feet planted obstinately.

"She got the number wrong," Kingsley gestured irritably. "You know how it is after a party."

"She said it twice." The man had started to click his fingers. "Perhaps she didn't want to go home like that so she thought she'd sleep it off first at a friend's. Perhaps she . . ."

"Look," Kingsley protested, "I tell you she's no friend of mine. I've never seen her before."

"Then how did she know your address?"

There was a short, exasperated pause and Kingsley could see that the taxi-driver's eyes were full of unpleasant wisdom. He felt his face begin to scorch. Flinging the towel he was still holding into a chair, he muttered, "There's been a mistake. That's all."

For a moment he stared unwillingly down at the girl. "Perhaps it's in her handbag or something . . . the right number. Or the night porter might know." But neither of them moved to look in her bag.

The taxi-man pulled his cap forward again. "They stopped paying me twenty minutes ago. I thought I was doing someone a favor . . ."

Kingsley took his wallet wearily from his hip pocket and passed a pound across. As the driver jingled change, he said, "That's all right."

He looked down at the girl again. "One thing, it's certain to be somewhere in the building. There can't be another Mortend Court in the town. The night porter will know for sure."

But when he looked up, the taxi-man had gone. Kingsley walked to the half-open door and saw him disappearing towards the lift.

He turned away, pushing the door to with a finger, and looked over at the girl with troubled eyes. She was as still and waxen as a Madonna. A pretty girl, he thought, looking at the tassels of dark lashes on her cheeks and the soft shape of her lips.

Just for a moment a dart of longing went through him, a longing for life without history books, a life of parties with girls like this one, the sort of life he would never know.

He ran a hand down his face. "Ridiculous," he muttered. He crossed over to the couch. "Wake up!" he called softly. "The party's over!" His voice sounded shallow and unreal in the silent room.

For a second her lips moved, but no sound came. Kingsley saw a little sequined bag lying in the crook of her arm. He picked it up gingerly and looked inside.

There was nothing here but a powder-case and a lipstick. The night porter, he thought.

He walked along the dimly lit corridor and took the lift to the ground floor. Walking towards the office, he saw with relief that Smithy was on duty. He was older than the other porters, a sandy-haired man of about forty.

Kingsley said with a ghost of a smile, "Smithy, there's been some sort of mix-up. Somebody's left a girl in my flat."

Smithy looked up from working something out in a paper, "Some people have all the luck, Professor."

(He'd tried, ages ago, to tell them he wasn't a professor, not yet, that you had to hold a chair at a university and be a lot older, but it made no difference.)

He said, "What has happened is that this girl's had too much to drink at a party or something and the driver thought she said my address." He shrugged. "So he just left her there."

"I knew, Professor," Smithy's eyes were friendly. "I—ah—viewed the body on the way up."

Kingsley said happily, "Well, then, you know which is her place."

Smithy shook his head. "I've never seen the lady before." Kingsley blinked. "But there's only one Mortend Court, surely," he said hurriedly. "She must be staying with someone here."

"What can I do about it, Professor?" Smithy opened his freckled hands. "I can't wake up everyone in the building and ask them."

"Why not let sleeping dogs lie? It's the simplest thing. Then in an hour or two she'll wake up and go on her way."

"I suppose so," said Kingsley doubtfully. He turned and went out again, along to the lift. Before he closed the doors he had a last glance of Smithy watching him over the glass partition. Smithy closed one golden eye in a knowing wink.

When he got back to the sitting-room she hadn't moved except that her head had fallen sideways against her arm. He closed the door and stood against it for a long time, as still as a sentry by a funeral bier. Looking down at the careless, impromptu angles of her body he realised again how beautiful she was. More beautiful than any of the women from the pageant of history.

He began to walk round her slowly, fingering his chin, feeling troubled and inarticulate. Could he just drop a blanket over her and leave her? Would that be all right?

No, he thought, wheeling away in the direction of the bedroom. In a couple of minutes he was back with his pyjamas and some blankets. He dropped them in a chair and then went over to the couch. For a few seconds he stood above her, moistening his lips uneasily, then he bent swiftly and raised her in his arms.

As he picked his way through the furniture, one of her spike-heeled sandals fell with a soft plop on to the carpet. He walked stiffly into the bedroom, conscious of the warmth of her body and of the sharp, tantalising scent she was wearing.

He laid her on the bed and let his breath go with relief. Then with a sudden, fierce determination he bent and removed the other sandal and then drew up the quilt, putting her arms inside. He was about to turn away when he noticed the glitter of an earring lying free on the pillow.

Uncertainly he picked it up and tiptoed from the room, carrying it in his fist like a small boy with a grasshopper.

Back in his sitting-room he laid it on the mantelpiece and stared at it. It was a tiny gilt earring. He grinned and moved it along with his finger until the clock caught his eye.

Jiminy! It was nearly half-past two. Hurriedly he started spreading blankets on the couch. He was unbuttoning his shirt when he stumbled across her other sandal.

He stood there hesitating, with a finger hooked through the strap, half-ashamed that he wanted an excuse to go and look at her again. Then he carried it through and put it down beside its fellow.

At the door he stood looking back at her for the last time. She'd be gone tomorrow, he thought absently, and he continued to stand there twiddling the door handle in his fingers. The sleeping beauty must have looked like this, cool and far-away, until a kiss . . .

He turned abruptly, snapping the tension and almost stumbling in his hurry to get through the door. "Steady!" he told himself through clenched teeth as he walked back down the passage.

The sky through the windows was beginning to pale when he finally settled himself with a cushion for a pillow. For a moment he lay there frowning up at the ceiling. What he had to remember was that the sort of girl who came home from a party in that state was pretty certain not to be a nice girl.

He woke with the sun shining in his eyes.

For a while he lay still, remembering what had happened, then he was up in a flash and padding down the passage. The

bedroom door was closed. He opened it stealthily and looked in. She was still there.

She looked just the same, except that the dress was now draped across the foot of the bed. At some time in the night she must have woken and taken it off. Also she'd pushed out an arm from under the quilt and there was a lipstick print on it where her face had been resting. He closed the door quietly and went into the kitchen. He'd have to hurry to get to his lecture on time.

After he'd shaved he gulped hot coffee in the sitting-room while he crammed notes into his briefcase. Then he stood with his fingers trailing on the typewriter keys. To leave a note, that was his last chance, or else she'd go away without ever knowing who he was.

But what could you say? Nothing, he decided sadly, letting himself out of the flat.

He was crossing the entrance hall when Smithy passed behind him, going off duty. He winked again and asked, "Has the little bird flown, Professor?"

Kingsley looked back quickly. "Oh, yes," he said, blinking. "She's gone."

He walked on uneasily, feeling his ears begin to flame. Why on earth had he told Smithy a tomfool thing like that! It was downright ridiculous! Immediately he began to feel like a bad character, hiding some guilty secret from an alien world.

People seemed to be staring at him suddenly. What a fool he was, he thought wildly; he should have woken her up with a cup of coffee first thing and sent her packing. Or, right at the beginning, he should have taken rooms in college, where they didn't

Holding the sequined bag in his hand Kingsley looked down at the sleeping girl.



The history books were no help
to him now . . . a short story

**BY JACQUES
GILLIES**

deliver girls like the milk and daily papers.

Then surely there seemed to be a lot more people at his lecture? Afterwards he crept away to the library and waded into a pile of essays, spinning out the time till he usually went back.

He went into a phone box across the road from Mortend Court. Dialling his own number, he felt more like a villain than ever. The ringing tone went on and on and gradually he relaxed against the glass wall. The little bird had flown.

He crossed the road half-happy, half-regretful. Inside the flat he flung down his papers and went straight to the mantelpiece. The carring was still lying there. For no reason he felt a flush of pleasure. He scooped it up and held it in his hand, tightly, as a talisman.

"Hello."

To page 18



For a moment he stood stock-still, his heart racing with the shock. Then he turned round. Dry-mouthed, he said, "Hello."

She was wearing his old striped dressing-gown and she kept pushing back the sleeves nervously. Looking down, he saw that his desk had been disturbed and there was a sheet of paper lying there covered with writing.

Suddenly she said, "The telephone's been ringing." And after a pause, "I didn't answer it."

He looked up. "I know. It was me."

He saw her lips make a circle of surprise and added, "I just wondered whether you'd gone."

"Gone?" Two lines deepened on her brow. "Gone where?"

"Just gone," he said in a flustered voice.

She began to move nervously along behind the couch, her fingers fidgeting with the belt of the dressing-gown. Suddenly he asked, "What's your name?"

Forever afterwards he remembered the wild way she swung round and collapsed over the end of the couch. "I don't know," her voice was a muffled wail. "I thought you might know."

"Me," said Kingsley, startled.

She lifted a flushed face to stare at him. "I've been trying to remember ever since I woke up. My mind won't work. I'm ill or something, aren't I?"

Kingsley's eyes searched her face. "You don't remember anything?"

She sat up and rested her forehead on her fists. "I can remember general things," she said in a trembling voice, "like telephones and countries and things. But all about me is just a blank." Her eyes, wide and frightened, went to the paper on the desk. "I kept writing names till I was dizzy, but none of them means anything."

Suddenly she gulped and her hands flew up to cover her face. Half-crouched there, with her hair ruffled and the dressing-gown falling off her shoulders, she looked like an orphan in an old-time melodrama.

Kingsley walked round her slowly. He felt as troubled as she did. A lifetime in history books didn't give you any precedents for a situation like this. Then he remembered the police.

"People who are missing," he said, "get reported. If we ring the police..."

"The police..." She drew a quick breath.

"It's all right," he said, reassuringly. "It's always hap-

Continuing...

A BLONDE TO BREAKFAST

from page 17

pening to people. They call it amnesia."

She shook her head so that the pale blonde hair swung across her face. "Couldn't you wait just a little while? Just to see? A little while... not long."

"Then perhaps we should get a doctor," he said seriously.

"Oh, please..." She looked up at him with her fingers spread like starfish on her cheeks. "Can't I just not see anyone - just for a little while? Perhaps it will come all right." She frowned suddenly. "If you don't know me at all, how did I get here anyway?"

"The taxi-driver brought you here by mistake. You'd been to a party." She was trembling, he noticed. He moved away towards the window.

Behind him she said slowly, "I'm frightened. What if I don't get better, if I don't know who I am?" Her breath caught. "I can't understand it; I feel all right otherwise."

"You mustn't worry," he said awkwardly. "Part of you is asleep, that's all. It'll wake up soon. You often read about it in the papers..."

Papers! He snapped his fingers. "I'll get the evening paper. There may be something in it about you being missing from somewhere."

As he closed the door behind him he had a last forlorn vision of her looking after him through drooping lashes.

WHEN he got back she'd switched on the electric fire and was kneeling in front of it. He waved the paper. "You can't be anybody very famous," he said. "Nobody seems to be missing."

She stood up. "I'd been dancing somewhere. I can dance." She circled round him for a moment, humming, and then stopped with her hands pressed together. Wryly, she said, "I think I'm a person with a happy disposition, Kingsley... Is it all right to call you that? I saw it on an envelope on your desk."

"I don't mind," he said shyly. Since he'd got back he thought it had become a kind of game. It was better like that. He said calmly, "What shall I call you, though?"

Their eyes held critically. Then in a subdued voice she said, "Perhaps I'll think of something." Suddenly she turned away from him, throwing up her arms so that the

sleeves of the dressing-gown fell in batwings to her waist. "Haven't you anything better I can wear in the meantime?"

They went into the bedroom and he started turning out his clothes. She stood over him, snatching up sweaters and holding them up to her shoulders. "It's like being on a desert island," she murmured.

He went away and left her. Settled in his favorite chair he started leafing through a couple of new books that had come in the afternoon post. But all the time his mind kept going back to her.

The whole thing was mad... how would it end? At some time he'd have to go to the police. He turned his head suddenly as he heard her cross the passage to the kitchen.

She came out carrying a frying-pan. "There's something else. I can cook," she said.

"That's good," he said. She had on some ski-ing trousers and his old college rowing sweater.

"Well—shall I get some dinner? What do you usually have?"

He grinned. "I have bread and cheese pretty often."

"You can have a proper meal tonight." She stopped, frowning. "Perhaps that's what I am... a cook."

Kingsley said, "Or you may be married to a chef."

She held out her hand. "I'm not wearing a ring."

"You forgot it, perhaps, or you're secretly engaged or walking out or something."

She looked down into the pan. "If I had a boy-friend he would have seen me home from the party, wouldn't he?"

"I suppose he would," Kingsley said.

They ate bacon and eggs and sauteed potatoes, knee to knee on stools in the kitchen.

Then she said, "You go on with your work, Kingsley, just as if I weren't here. What is it, anyway, your work?"

"I'm an assistant lecturer in history. At the university."

"Well, I'll just potter about doing things. You never know, something might come back to me at any minute."

He went back to his desk and spread out some work. He must have been there for a couple of hours or more before she came in. She stopped on the edge of the pool of light.

He said, "There are some books on the shelves, but they're a bit dry, I'm afraid. And there's a portable wireless in

the bedroom. The taxi-driver couldn't have brought you to a worse place. I lead a pretty dull life."

"I don't think it's dull."

"When you... when you're all right again you'll see what I mean. It doesn't really count for much. I like it, though."

They were quiet for a while, then she said, "If I'm married, Kingsley, I hope it's to someone like you."

He turned his head sideways. "I'm not anybody," he said, grinning, "honestly. Compared with some people I haven't got a thing."

"You've got a name. A nice name." She said it in a low-pitched voice, "Kingsley Peel."

Kingsley flushed. Up till then he'd always thought it was rather a stuffy name, but the way she said it gave it an aura of dignity. When he looked up again she was standing at the door.

Just for a moment the mask had slipped and he could see that her eyes were full of

Men ought to be mighty good to women, for nature gave them the big end of the log to lift, and mighty little strength to do it with.
—Abraham Lincoln.

misery. "You can tell the police in the morning," she said.

Kingsley lay wide-eyed through the night, hearing a distant clock chiming out every hour. He got up in the green light before dawn and sat on the balcony in his trousers and sweater.

There was a smoky haze along the skyline and the world looked detached, unreal.

He heard a movement in the room behind him and when he went in she was standing in the other doorway. She looked pale and droopy in the half-light. He went towards her, saying anxiously, "Has anything happened? Can you remember?"

She shook her head without looking up.

Kingsley let his breath go. "Never mind," he said quietly, "it'll come back."

He looked down at her as she nodded. Her long lashes were almost brushing his shoulder. He blinked. Then suddenly his arms went round her. Perhaps it was something to do with the unreality of the hour but he couldn't help himself. Clumsily he kissed her.

After the first moment she didn't resist him and they seemed to stand there for ages with their lips meeting. Then she bowed her head and her sigh lasted almost as long as the kiss had done.

As he glared down at her, red and triumphant, she said, "I wish you hadn't done that, Kingsley." Her eyes stayed on his chin. "I'd give everything I possess if you could take it back." Then she ran into the bedroom and slammed the door.

He stared after her. Perhaps it was foolish to love somebody who might be already committed. He turned abruptly and went into the bathroom. After he'd washed and folded up his blankets he went back on to the balcony. He stayed there until he heard her come to the window behind him.

"Breakfast is ready, Kingsley," she said.

She didn't lift her head though and she looked as if she had been crying.

She put the coffee percolator between them and sat down. They sat there, eating slowly, without looking at each other. Afterwards he collected his post and papers from the letter box.

He read both papers right through, but nobody had lost a girl. That meant he'd have to go to the police. He had a lecture at ten-thirty, he'd go immediately after that.

He heard her come into the sitting-room behind him and when he looked up he noticed that her hair was newly brushed. Then she said quickly, "Will you go to the police before or after your lecture, Kingsley?"

"After..." he was going to say and stopped. His eyes widened for a moment and he looked down. No, he thought carefully, she couldn't have known about the lecture, not any way. The desk blurred for a second, then cleared. He swallowed. "What's your name," he said savagely.

After a short silence, she whispered, "Elizabeth Shepherd."

He felt sick with rage and humiliation. "It's some sort of joke, isn't it?"

"It's an end-of-term rag."

He sat down at his desk spreading his hand on the blotter. Trying to keep his voice normal, he said, "How does it end?"

"They'll be outside this morning when you leave for your lecture. I was to go out, too, they were going to take a photograph for the college magazine. There was going to be a funny article — 'My Two Days as a Prisoner' sort of thing."

She paused. "I didn't want to do it, but they talked me round. You see it was for a bet... twenty-five pounds. We were giving the money to the fund to help refugee students."

Kingsley didn't move. "Go on," he said.

"I don't know who thought of it... but it was because you're so remote all the time." Her voice rose a little, defensively. "You never so much as look at the girl students, and even outside college you go round like a young monk." She stopped again. Then she added, "Anyway, nobody thought it would work."

There was another silence. "Then I decided I couldn't go through with it — that I'd let you go out alone and I'd ring you at the college before you went to the police. It was... it was after you stopped acting like a young monk."

Slowly his humiliation was giving place to rage. Confound them, he thought. Confound them for invading his private world. Suddenly he was striding towards her.

He saw her eyes widen to circles of alarm and he was aware suddenly that his hand was raised in a menacing gesture. But the blow never fell. He dropped his hand and went out on to the balcony.

Looking down, he could see an old car outside the entrance to the block of flats. That would be the others. He glanced at his watch. It was just ten o'clock. He was filled with a sudden loathing for history, for girls, for the whole damned silly business of university life.

He went back into the room suddenly. She was standing pressed against the wall by the door. There were tear tracks down her cheeks.

He picked up her wrist gently but firmly. "Come on," he said. She shook her head, straining away from him.

He jerked her back. "We mustn't disappoint the refugee students," he said between his teeth. Then he'd flung open the front door and they were in the passage.

Just for a moment he saw a blur of faces, then a flash bulb exploded in his face. He turned and blundered back through the door again, followed by a chorus of wolf whistles. He slammed it and stood against it.

Then he grabbed the telephone, but after a moment he put it down again. He had been going to cancel his lecture, but why should he? He wouldn't give them the satisfaction of knowing that he was bothered even. He'd go ahead as usual.

There was no doubt about it. This lecture was more crowded than usual. But he didn't let it worry him. After a couple of sentences he was lost in that other world, that other age, the study of whose grace and charm he had made his life.

Just once he glanced down at the front row, but she wasn't there. When he left there was faint laughter from a corner, but that was all. He lunched and afterwards went home to work till the small hours.

As usual, before going to bed, he stood out on the balcony to regain his perspective. And tonight he thought that perhaps he'd been a little foolish. Students didn't change, and exploiting the lack of worldliness in a professor was the oldest joke in the world.

The day the magazine came out he went to college as usual. At some time during the afternoon he left his study to buy a copy.

He glanced down and flushed as he saw himself, there, in the middle of the front page. He had a slightly baffled look, beside him was Elizabeth in her outlandish clothes with her hand over one eye. Even like that she was lovely.

He strode on, feeling a return of anger. Mechanically he began to beat the paper against his leg. Then he was aware of someone waving from across the road. It was Jennings, a lecturer in mathematics. He waved back.

A moment later two students on bicycles went by smiling at him. He looked straight ahead. Somebody behind him in a shop doorway called pertly, "Congratulations, Mr. Peel," after he'd gone by, but he didn't look back. In a little while, a week or two, they'd have forgotten all about it.

AS he went through the entrance hall Smithy was there with a smile to split his face. Kingsley half-waved ruefully. He reached the sanctuary of his flat at last and closed the door on the world. Leaning there against it, he raised the magazine slowly. His eyes flew open and for a long time he just stood there, scarcely breathing.

"Lecturer to Wed Student," it said. "An informal snap of Kingsley Peel with his fiancée. At Mr. Peel's special request the money collected for his presentation will be given to the fund to help refugee students. It has already reached some twenty-five pounds."

Standing there he was aware of her scent and when he looked up he saw she was kneeling in his armchair.

"Smithy let me in," she said. "He thinks you're a very deep character."

Kingsley nodded. His heart was thudding and he was feeling ridiculously young and wanted. He let his books fall to the floor.

She said, "We compromised about the rag. I talked them into doing it like this. You see, you can always break it off... later." Then she added shakily, "That is, if you don't want me."

He lifted her out of the chair in one swift movement. This was the sort of excitement, he thought, that you never found in a history book.

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

"A River Grown Deep"

Michael Pereira (Hutchinson).

This good and extremely interesting first novel by a young Englishman is set in present-day Malaya, against a background of violence—assassination by native terrorists and a river rising in monsoonal flood. It concerns Mike O'Donnell, narrator of the story, who is the assistant-manager of a rubber plantation, and his love for two girls—a beautiful Malay, "The Rose," who has been living with him, and an American girl, Mary Slater. One hopes Mr. Pereira's second novel won't be too long coming.

(Review copy from the publisher)

"No Boundary Fence"

Frank O'Grady (Angus and Robertson).

This story is based on the life of Hamilton Hume, the explorer who opened up so much of unknown New South Wales early last century. "Based" is the right word. The bare facts about Hume are

correct, but there's plenty of fiction and some inaccuracies about the early days of the colony. Hume's life is traced from his childhood till his forties, when he married and settled on his Yass property, "Hume-wood." Unfortunately, Mr. O'Grady writes in the rather dreary style which seems to be popular for early-Australian sagas.

(Review copy from the publisher)

"The Mountebank's Tale"

Michael Redgrave (Heinemann).

A distinguished actor's double takes over his performances and personality when the actor leaves off. As long as you subscribe to the theory that actors are in a separate human category, you'll enjoy it. Mr. Redgrave writes well, especially about the theatre, but not as brilliantly as he acts.

(Review copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney)



Second instalment of our amusing serial

By **RICHARD GORDON**

Simon stood by helplessly as the men continued their work and Mrs. Marston hurled insults at Sir Lancelot.



IN the course of his medical duties, DR. SIMON SPARROW has attended the birth of many babies, but now, for the first time, he has to face the problems of expectant fatherhood himself. NIKKI, his pretty wife, an ex-doctor herself, has told him this news while his old friend GASTON GRIMSDYKE was staying with them — escaping from yet another of his numerous romantic complications.

DR. FARQUARSON, Simon's partner and Grimsdyke's uncle, cannot see why Simon and Nikki should be worried by Grimsdyke, and hopes he will marry and settle down himself soon.

Nikki has decided to have the baby at home, attended by her old colleague and friend DR. ANN PARTRIDGE, but it is apparent they will have to move to a more suitable house. This problem is solved when MAJOR MARSTON visits Simon at the surgery and mentions confidentially that his wife, DIANE, has left him. A gentleman's agreement is made, and the Sparrows move into the Marston house.

But no sooner were they settled than they heard from SIR LANCELOT SPRATT, formerly one of St. Swithin's leading surgeons and Simon's godfather. He tells Simon at a meeting in London that he will arrive the next Tuesday and will discuss his scheme to settle some money on their future child. NOW READ ON:

I DROVE home in some confusion. I had no head for finance and figures, unlike Grimsdyke, who could work out such things as daily doubles and tote accumulators without bothering to use a pencil. I realised that my godfather's gift would have to be put to the most solemn use, but I couldn't help myself feeling that somewhere might be the chance to order a new sports car.

I was just preparing to startle Nikki with the news when I turned into our road and noticed Grimsdyke's Bentley drawn up at the front gate. A few minutes later I found him sunburnt and cheerful in the sitting-room, sitting in my chair with his feet on the fireplace drinking my beer.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me you'd moved?" he demanded almost at once. "Gave me quite a nasty turn seeing the 'sold' sign on your old habitat. I went mooching round the district for hours until I had enough sense to ring up the local executive council and get your phone number."

"How could we tell you when we didn't know where you were yourself?" protested Nikki, appearing with another couple of bottles of beer.

"What, didn't I let you know I'd cleared off to the West Indies?"

"Not on another cruise?" I exclaimed.

"Good grief, no! As a matter of fact, I've been in the oil business. But I hear you've been hearing Sir Lancelot, you brave chap. And how is the old blunderbuss?"

"In very good form. By the way, he seemed to remember you."

"I should think he does. In my time as a student he threw pretty well everything movable in the theatre at me, except the patient. But what on earth brings him back to London?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," I said. I

felt it unwise even to hint at our conversation before such an enthusiastic gossip as Grimsdyke. "But tell us what you've been up to yourself. The way you go shooting off to the ends of the earth makes you look like Edmund Hillary to stay-at-homes like us."

"It's very simple, actually." Grimsdyke opened another bottle of beer. "Although my own professional qualifications may not, I fear, be of the best, I have one great advantage in the medical labor market—will go anywhere and do anything. When you come to think of it, there aren't many doctors without a regular job and a regular wife, however fed up they may get from time to time with either."

"This oil company that advertised in the B.M.J. had an office near the Guildhall and about the same size. The managing director turned out to be a genial cove, who gave me a cigar and summoned the company secretary, who summoned the chief medical officer. Cash means nothing to those petrol boys, of course," Grimsdyke explained authoritatively. "They could employ pretty well the whole B.M.A. only on what the public puts in its lighters."

"The chief M.O. said they wanted someone to go at once to Poparapetyl. The company's regular doctor there was on a month's leave, which apparently didn't usually matter, but some big noise with one of the most expensive blood pressures in the New York office had just gone snooping round the place. I accepted the locum on the spot, and they all looked delighted."

"The managing director then gave me another cigar and added that if I liked the job they'd be happy to keep me on the regular payroll. So when the next morning I found myself at London Airport with a bag of brand-new tropical kit and a whacking

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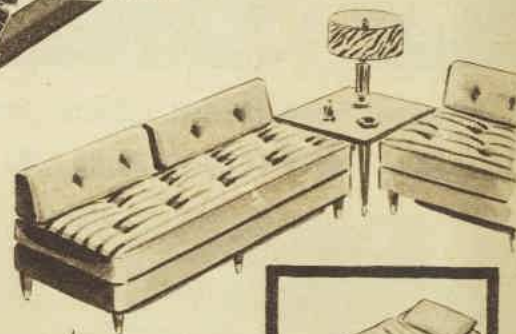
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By EDWARD
LINDALL

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

WALLABY MARTIN punched the side of his right fist gently into the white creek sand. He used his thumb once, and the ball of his little finger four times, to complete the miniature print of a right foot. Then he switched to his other hand, and plopped a left footprint beside it. He had to push his shoulder down and forward, because that left arm was locked at right angles from the elbow.

His movements were precise, efficient. He watched the small prints grow with what seemed complete absorption. But when he looked up at the younger man sitting cross-legged before him, his eyes were keen.

"I'm not glad to have you with me this time, son," he said. "An' that's the truth."

Pete Kingston grinned tightly. "You're talking nonsense, Wallaby. You . . . of all men."

Wallaby bent his right hand round, and began another set of footprints, smaller ones, toe to toe with the others. "You're gettin' near the point of no return, son. You're gettin' to like the bush too much."

"So what?"

"So you'll be as crazy as me in another few trips," Wallaby said evenly. "Unable to live anywhere but nowhere. Bush crazy."

"Being bush crazy isn't hurting you," Pete said. "It isn't hurting me, either. I like making roads, and I aim to go on for a long time yet."

"That's just what's wrong with you, son," Wallaby said calmly. "Roads don't mean anything, unless they lead to somewhere."

Pete Kingston leaned forward in sudden, tense seriousness. "I'm a surveyor," he said. "I don't deal in riddles."

Wallaby forced his stiff arm downwards to press toes on a print. The arm gave him his name. A bull camel had savaged him forty years before, leaving him with a stiff left arm fixed out like a wallaby's forepaw.

"I'm no riddle man either, son," he said quietly. "I'm talkin' fact. This road we just finished. Where does it go? From a copper mine down to Dead Chinaman to join up with another heading south. Then we start all over again some place else." He aimed a finger at Pete. "Our roads don't take us anywhere, son."

They were resting in the shade of a big blue gum rearing up out of the dry bottom of Chinaman Creek. The creek swung northwards there to make an elbow. Their camp was in its crook on the higher northern bank, just behind them. Four men were up there; three drivers and a cook.

On the southern bank, before them and almost at the elbow's point, Dead Chinaman drowns in the sticky heat. Dead Chinaman was a general store, conducted by an old man and his daughter. That was all.

The Chinaman, a trader, was lying somewhere near the store. No one knew quite where. He had been dead for eighty years or more.

"You've saved enough money to take up some land and buy a small mob of cattle," Wallaby said quietly. He lifted his eyes to



"Come on," Pete said urgently to Kendall and her father, "before it's too late."

Road to Somewhere

the squat, stone building of the store. "We just had dinner with a man who would let you have the land, and his daughter's a fine girl that smiles at you out of her eyes like she fancies your last name. But you . . ." The old man snorted. "All you want is to grub around the bush making dirt roads."

Pete had heard it all before. Ever since they had arrived at Dead Chinaman six days before, Wallaby had been pecking away at him, seeking to undermine his love for the bush, and sketching a picture of domestic happiness for him with Kendall Ridley.

It had become intolerable to Pete, the girl had already caused a desperate tug-of-war within him. She was in her middle twenties, tall, slender, and with eyes as sensitive as mirrors.

"Wallaby," Pete said harshly. "Why don't you mind your own business?"

"It is my business," Wallaby said evenly.

Pete flushed. He wished that they had never come near Dead Chinaman. Wallaby Martin and the storekeeper were friends from way back. Jonas Ridley was in his early seventies, like Wallaby, but there the similarity ended.

Wallaby was tall and alert, Jonas was chunky and stolid. Wallaby was a nomad, Jonas a sheet anchor. But they were friends, and when Wallaby, unasked, had raised the subject of grazing land, Jonas had been happy to do business. He had a large tract under government lease near the store. Good cattle land for a man who wanted it.

But Pete knew he was not that man.

"Now, listen, Wallaby," he said. "Get this straight. Shut up about the girl, or I'll walk out on you."

It hurt him to say that. It hurt like hell, because they weren't boss and hired man, but more like father and son. They had been building dirt roads together for five years as a team, Pete going ahead to survey the routes.

They didn't build any fancy roads — the bulldozers simply pushed the scrub aside, and the grader smoothed the earth. There was no need for bridges. The creeks were dry for most of the year. The rains, for the main part, soaked through their porous beds into the vast artesian basin which, when tapped with bores, transformed thousands of square miles of desert into cattle land.

Cattle, Pete thought resentfully. Who'd want to spend a lifetime pleasing nursemaid to a herd of wet-nosed, bawling cattle?

Then he saw Wallaby using his knuckles to press a pattern of cattle tracks around the two sets of toe-to-toe footprints made earlier. He studied them for a moment, but was unable to read their story. It irritated him, because all tracks had a story.

"Well," he said at last. "What do they mean?"

"Big ones are a man, the small ones a woman," Wallaby said slowly. "They're kissin'. The cattle are lookin' on. Approvin'."

Resting his foot on the trunk of a fallen tree, Pete rolled a cigarette and, looking down, saw how the earth beside him was

scuffed as from sitting feet, and that two lines of footprints came in and went away.

One large set, and one small — the mute reminders of a girl who had sat there with him two afternoons before and talked of loneliness.

He stirred uncomfortably, pitched the cigarette away, and immediately wanted another one. Kendall Ridley's lips smiled gravely at him, and the desperation of that other afternoon battered him until all he wanted was to get out into the back-country where there were no perplexities.

"Uncle Alick tells us you're leaving soon," she had said, almost as soon as they were seated.

"Uncle Alick?"

"A title of affection." She picked up a water-smoothed stone and clattered it across the creek. "He's our oldest friend. Father and he worked together for years . . . before Father married and settled down at the store."

Her voice was musical and soft.

Pete turned his head to look at her. She was in profile, and he saw the tender line of her slender neck.

He said, "You like it at the store?"

"It's lonely," she said. "It's so lonely sometimes I could scream."

"Why stay?" he said.

"Father's old," she said simply. "He wants to stay near Mother's grave." Then she turned and smiled. "Besides, I don't like

To page 50

Painting Inside?

Colours never seen before!



What a big difference Taubmans Thix in Spectrocolor makes to walls and ceilings!

Colours free from "haze" . . . that "spring to new life" under electric light. That's the difference that Spectrocolor makes. Spectrocolor is paint colour with a new dimension. Gives you colours you've never before imagined with greater purity, greater cover. All colours are ready-to-use, without tinting or inter-mixing, in the widest range ever produced in Australia.

Taubmans Thix is the only genuine

one-coat paint for any inside surface . . . even raw concrete walls. No sealers! No undercoats! No dribbles down the handle of brush or roller and next-to-no splashes. Thix is a yard-a-minute faster than any other paint. It's quick drying, too. Paint in the morning and use the same room in the evening. You'll love the beautiful, washable, velvet enamel finish, that looks clearer, cleaner and freshly painted, years longer.

SPECTROCOLOR CARDS

Choose your colours from Taubmans brilliant Spectrocolor cards, the most glamorous ever produced in Australia. Each card shows the widest range of ready-to-use colours carefully laid out to make colour planning easy. Get your Spectrocolor cards from the Spectrocolor unit (right) in your Taubmans paint store today.

For added contrast and beauty use Taubmans Revelite Semi-Gloss or Full-Gloss on doors and woodwork. Thix and Revelite — like all Taubmans paints — are in Spectrocolor.



All Taubmans paints now in...

SPECTROCOLOR®

TIME FOR TRUTH

A short short story

By JANE GRANT

NOW there was only one pile of letters to burn. Sandra bit her lip thoughtfully as she looked at Andrew Lockwood's untidy scrawl. Beside her on the floor Tony stretched his long legs towards the fire with a sigh of such utter contentment that the urge to stir him up was overpowering. He was entirely too sure of himself, and of her. Tony was starting to be smug.

"Andrew Lockwood," she said dreamily. "I'll never forget him."

"Who was he?" Tony demanded.

Sandra tilted her head back and contemplated the flames through half-closed eyes. "Violets," she murmured, "in December. Taxi rides in the rain . . . spaghetti in those quaint little restaurants . . ."

Tony sat up. "I asked who he was." "Really, darling," Sandra shook her head. "I'm beginning to think this wasn't such a good idea after all. Even if people are going to be married, perhaps they should keep some of their memories to themselves."

"Well, it's a fine time to decide that," he howled, "after I've just bared my soul to you. Come on now, play fair!" Sandra leaned over and poked the fire to hide her grin. Now it was his turn to squirm. He had bared his soul, all right. That was the trouble.

At first it had seemed an amusing way to spend the evening, laying the ghosts of all their old loves. Now she wasn't so sure, having watched a procession of beautiful females emerge from Tony's past and cavort around the room.

Each in turn, after her brief moment, had vanished up the chimney with the smoke—all but Clotilde. Sandra couldn't forget the gleam in his eye as he described her. And it was a fine time to discover that he preferred blondes.

She patted her black hair and wondered what he would say if he knew the truth about Andrew Lockwood, her War Effort.

"But I've told you all about everybody else, honestly, darling. I've even burned all my letters and photographs. Now don't be silly! You can't really think I'm in love with Andrew! Why, it was just a passing romance, a—"

"Okay, then, toss in the letters and tell me about him."

Sandra kept her face straight. "He wasn't going to get off that easily. 'Tony, it's just that—well, Andrew was so exotic! I mean he was really sophisticated, tall, handsome—it does something for a woman,' she said impressively, 'to know she can attract a man like that. When we've been married ten years or so and the children are all crying at once, well, I can take these letters out and feel young again, don't you see?'"

"That's the silliest thing I've ever



heard. You certainly paint an attractive picture of married life, I must say."

"Well! Tony Weston, you're about as romantic as—as an old shoe!"

"Okay, I'm not romantic. I'm just an ordinary man with no foolish illusions. You don't have to marry me, you know. You're still free to go back to your what's-his-name."

"All right, darling, as it bothers you so much, I promise I'll never see him again, after tomorrow."

Tony's eyes glistened. "This," he said quietly, "has gone far enough. Just what do you mean, after tomorrow?"

"It's simply that when Andrew and I parted we made a date to meet a year from that day for lunch. Well, it's tomorrow. Now, Tony, I have to go," she said, managing not to burst out laughing. "After all we must be civilised. Just because I've become engaged in the meantime, I can't leave him waiting there all afternoon."

"No," said Tony stiffly, "you couldn't possibly do that. What I'm wondering about is why you ever parted in the first place if you were so in love."

Sandra examined her fingernails. "I didn't say I was in love," she murmured shyly. "That was the trouble as far as poor Andrew was concerned. I told you I've never been in love before."

Tony's chest expanded slowly. "Of course, I have nothing against the man." He thought for a minute. "All right, keep your date by all means. I'm anxious to have a look at him myself. Oh, it's not that I don't trust you! It's him. He sounds a bit too smooth to be hanging around my fiancée. Especially in one of those dimly lit restaurants."

His words hung defiantly in the air while Sandra tried to think with a brain gone dead. "Francisco's isn't dimly lit," she said.

"Francisco's?" he said. Oh, I see. One of those quaint little places where you used to go for spaghetti. What time are you meeting him?"

"One o'clock," Sandra said quickly. "Darling, you can't possibly make it; you go to lunch at twelve."

"Your Romeo left you a note," Tony said to Sandra.

"Nonsense. I can go any time . . ." It was nearly half-past one by the time she could bring herself to enter Francisco's. There was Tony, over at the corner table, looking so handsome in his new grey suit. Romantic or not, she loved him. Suppose he decided he didn't really want to marry a girl who had never in her life before had a really big romance!

"Sorry I'm late," she said bravely, as he held a chair for her. How on earth should she begin?

And then he laughed. "Don't look so glum. Your Romeo was here. He left you a note. He had a train to catch and couldn't wait."

She unfolded the note, forcing her eyes to focus on the hurriedly printed letters. "My dear Sandra," she read, "I have always liked the saying 'It is better to have loved and lost . . . Every happiness to you always, Andrew Lockwood.'"

She looked up at Tony watching her across the table, his eyes oddly tender.

"Oh, Tony," she whispered, "Andrew was never supposed to come—there isn't an Andrew, at least there was, but he was stupid and conceited and—and jingled his money. Oh, don't you see, I lied to you; I just did it to make you jealous because I had nobody wonderful to talk about like your Clotilde . . . Tony, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, this is marvellous," he said. "So your imagination ran away with you a bit. So Andrew was a bore, in other words? Sandra," he covered her hands with one of his, "believe me, you should have seen Clotilde."

For a minute they sat there, staring solemnly into each other's eyes. Finally Sandra picked up her bag and gloves.

"Let's go somewhere and get a decent meal," she said. "To be honest, I can't stand spaghetti."

(Copyright)

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Diet deficiencies rob many of us — especially those over 35 — of the stamina we need to get the most out of life. In many cases, food alone does not do a full job of supplying the body with much-needed nutrients. Doing things by halves is no longer necessary. You can recapture the full and complete feeling of zest usually associated with people years younger . . . and begin to enjoy yourself more! Do as thousands are now doing — increase your energy output by increasing your daily intake of vitamins and minerals. It's that simple! And what could be more simple than starting on your way back to new health and happiness with Vykmmin concentrated vitamin and mineral capsules.

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VYKMIN (Combined Multiple Complex) bring you the modern way to good health and greater energy. They supply a balanced daily intake of vitamins, plus important minerals so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red) and you'll feel and see your health and vitality improve — in a very short time.

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The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:
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Laboratory fresh — hermetically sealed in gold foil.

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A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE VY148

Here's Vitapointe of Paris

with Shining, Flashing Beauty for your Hair

First, brush your hair thoroughly to remove all dust. Squeeze one quarter of an inch of Vitapointe into the palm of your hand.

Spread the Vitapointe as a thin film over the palm by rubbing gently with your forefinger. Make sure the Vitapointe is all softened.

Dip your hairbrush in the Vitapointe by dabbing lightly. Take up very little. Do not draw the brush across your palm.

Now brush your hair thoroughly all over, paying particular attention to the ends, from time to time re-dipping the brush in the Vitapointe. Brush in all directions to spread the Vitapointe.

Finally, with comb, arrange the hair in the set you desire. It will stay "put" perfectly, shine with health and natural beauty; indeed look as if you'd just stepped out of your hairdressers.

The Perfect CREAM HAIRDRESS AND CONDITIONER



So soft to handle, so easy to care for -

NYLON JERSEY



PHOTOGRAPHED AT KURING-GAI CHASE STATE RESERVE, N.S.W.

BRUSHED BAN-LON TWO PIECE BY SHETLAND; BAN-LON DRESS BY BLACK LANCE

Jersey dresses are headed for even greater fashion fame this autumn and winter with the help of Nylon! New kitten-soft textured Nylon yarns such as "Ban-Lon" have been developed to enable manufacturers to produce jersey dresses as never before. They're easy to wash, quick to dry, and will come up fresh and wrinkle-free without ironing. Moreover, this cosy Nylon jersey can't shrink, and won't "seat" or lose its shape! Look for the attractive styles in the shops!



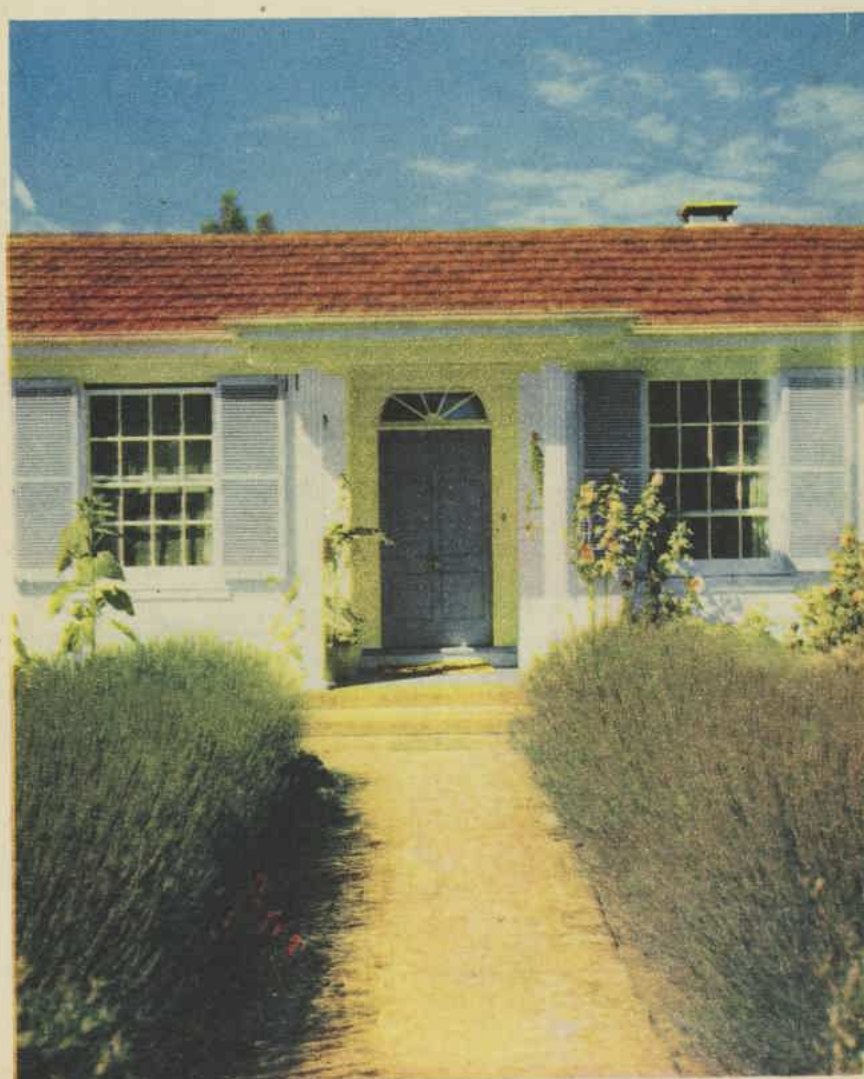
British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. supply the nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.



AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

● With bright hollyhocks and sunflowers blooming below shuttered windows, the colonial-style home of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Waterhouse is one of the most attractive in Canberra. The house, designed by Canberra architect M. J. Moir, has a carefully tended garden with a lavender walk (right) as one of its striking features. Dr. Waterhouse, a doctor of science with the C.S.I.R.O., is the son of Professor and Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, of Sydney. He called his home "Eryldene" after his parents' house — and it, in turn, was named after Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse's former home in Ayrshire, Scotland. Dr. and Mrs. Waterhouse have three children. They are Jill, Douglas, and Jonathan.





In the eyes of my sister . . .

. . . a new light shines, as we deck her in red and gold, and dress her hair with shining ornaments. Soon, very soon, she will leave us and we shall be sad—but tonight there is singing and dancing, and I, too, am happy for her happiness.

There are weddings the wide world over. But there are so many special things about ours. Such as the groom on his white horse. Or the dancing. Or the marriage feast with banana-leaves for plates. Or the clothes and the jewels. Or just the sheer excitement of the whole occasion—for everyone joins in . . . and they'd be so happy to have you drop in and share the fun. Won't you?

Why not stop-over awhile and see India on your way to London with

AIR-INDIA *International*

All helpful booking information on regular Sydney Super Constellation departures from your Travel Agent or any Air-India Office.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Keep the smell of cooking

PERHAPS I'm a little old-fashioned, but I LOVE cooking smells, and wonder why advertisements for room deodorisers state, "BANISH THOSE COOKING SMELLS." In fact, one of the nicest compliments paid to me about my home was someone saying, "I always love coming to see you, because your place always smells of good things cooking."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Jackson, Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W.

Figure problem

AUSTRALIAN women could be the best dressed in the world if there were models of all shapes and sizes, like ordinary folk. Then we would know what to buy, which would best suit our particular shape. A dress or suit that looks perfect on a model 5ft. 7in. tall can look the reverse on someone who is 5ft. nothing or 5ft. 11in.

£1/1/- to M. Gielis, Middle Brighton, Vic.

Spreading germs

WHAT a disgusting habit some young mothers have of licking their children's ice-creams, and then handing them on to their innocent offspring to consume; or, cooling baby's dinner by blowing on it. Surely they should know such habits are a sure method of spreading germs.

£1/1/- to "Middle-Aged Mum" (name supplied), Mayfield, N.S.W.

Getting through

WHEN a dear old lady friend moved to a new district and joined her church she was invited to a church social with the words "bring a plate." Presuming the church was short of plates, she bought one. The gathering was highly amused. Now, each time a social is on, they say with a

smirk, "Bring a plate, but don't forget to put something on it." What stupid sentences we adults use, and how confusing our expressions are to those who have not heard them before. Let us try to say what we really mean!

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. McPhee, Fourth Street, Black Rock, Vic.

Thoughts on canvas

RECENTLY I heard a woman artist explaining that in modern art the artist expressed on canvas what was in his mind and his personality. Is this why there are so many strange and hard-to-understand paintings around these days?

£1/1/- to E. Gribble, Chatswood, N.S.W.

A record?

WE often read of how many grandchildren people have, so here's a new angle. Our son, born last December, has 11 able-bodied grandparents. They are his four grandparents, six great-grandparents, and great-great-grandmother, aged 96. Can anyone beat this?

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. A. Kent, Morgan Street, Merewether, N.S.W.

Names the same

A RECENT analysis of the most frequently chosen Christian names for girls, whose births were announced in the London "Times," showed that the most popular were: Jane, Mary, Ann (or Anne), Elizabeth, and Sarah. Less than 200 years ago, the findings from a small English country town's parish register proved the popular names to be: Mary, Ann (or Anne), Elizabeth, Sarah, and Margaret. And 200 years still earlier, Jane, Elizabeth, Margaret, Ann (or Anne), and Mary rated top. Fashions in names don't seem to have changed much over there. I wonder if they're as popular in Australia—has anyone analysed the birth columns?

£1/1/- to K. Boothby, Jacka Crescent, Campbell, A.C.T.

RULED OR UNRULED?

"My wife and I differ on the subject of notepaper. She considers that plain paper is 'U' and ruled paper 'Non-U,' wrote Mr. A. W. Parker, N.S.W. Some replies:

IT is quite "Non-U" to use ruled paper as writing-paper. Such lines are needed only by people incapable of writing a straight line.

£1/1/- to L. L. Booth, Smith Avenue, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

THE use of unruled paper is snobbery and conceit. And to receive a letter on such from a bad writer is nerve-racking and merciless.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Graham, Forest Hill, Vic.

OPINIONS just differ, I suppose. But I think a letter is much neater if written on faintly lined paper.

£1/1/- to J. Thompson, Canberra, A.C.T.

PLAIN paper is "U." The use of ruled indicates the immaturity, age, or disability of the writer. Following ruled lines also conceals character traits.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. M-G. Stiffler, Toorak Road, Hamilton, Brisbane.

THE word "notepaper" is "Non-U," according to Nancy Mitford. "Writing-paper" is the term used. She didn't mention lined or plain.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Larkin, Lesden Street, East Bentleigh, Vic.

AS all professional and official correspondence is conducted on unruled writing-paper, this is a guide to good taste.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Osatovic, Uriaira Forest, A.C.T.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been reading some ads inserted by baby-sitters in the local paper.

They are of two kinds—the ones that say "fond of children," and the ones that say "can control children."

An ad from a girl of 11 says "can control children, am eldest of five"—so she may be justified in her claim.

It is a good thing for a sitter to be fond of children.

It also helps if she can control them.

The trouble is some sitters have one talent but not the other.

We had a sitter, a retired gym instructor, who could control children perfectly.

"Off to bed now!" she rapped out at 7 p.m. And they scuttled off like mice.

Unfortunately she failed to inspire affection. After a couple of times the children grumbled so much that we didn't ask her again.

One of the opposite kind was Pam, a charming girl who liked playing with children.

She joined in games with them

Bye-bye Baby-sitters

until all hours—pillow-fights, plasticine modelling, leapfrog, etc.

When we came home from the pictures there were bits of red and green plasticine squashed on the floor.

One night Pam let her charges throw darts at the kitchen cupboards. After that, with regret, we decided to look for someone else.



The screams of protest from her fans went on for weeks.

Pam's successor, Nora, was also popular, largely because of her association with macaroni cheese.

Nora was devoted to macaroni cheese, and as she usually came on Friday, when she did not eat

meat, my wife turned on macaroni cheese for dinner. This was entirely O.K. with the children.

But Nora, alas, took to bringing her pals in for deafening rock-n-roll sessions in the living-room while we were away. So she, too, faded into the past.

Television has improved the working conditions of baby-sitters, but it has brought new difficulties.

By general agreement, it is the sitter's privilege to choose the programme. But if she selects "Maverick" while the children want to watch "Cheyenne," she has to be able to stand up for herself.

Often she is told tales like: "We're always allowed to stay up for '77 Sunset Strip.'" These claims must be treated with the scepticism they deserve.

A mixture of fondness and firmness—that is the right character for a baby-sitter. That girl with the four young brothers and sisters sounds promising. But at 11 she is too young. When you hire a baby-sitter of that age you feel you should have a baby-sitter to look after the baby-sitter. And that is sheer waste of sitting-power.

2 low-priced Jeldi Autumn Specials...

bring 'Springtime' beauty to your bedroom



"CORONATION"
DESIGN No. 1046

with a host of
High-Fashion Features.

- Graceful Turnabout fits neatly over pillows.
- Expertly tailored for perfect fit.
- Lavish, full-skirted drapes.
- Richly embossed ripple chenille.
- Wide colour range: Off-White, Champagne, Mushroom, Rose, Blue, Blue, Green, Gold, Beige and pastels.
- First Turnabout design ever at this low price.

DOUBLE-BED
SIZE

£9.9.0

ALSO IN TWIN-BED SIZE

"MEDALLION" DESIGN No. 492
Special Value Features
include

- Fashionable fringed edges.
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TWIN-BED SIZE

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DOUBLE-BED SIZE **£ 5 . 9 . 6**



actually
grows lovelier
with use!

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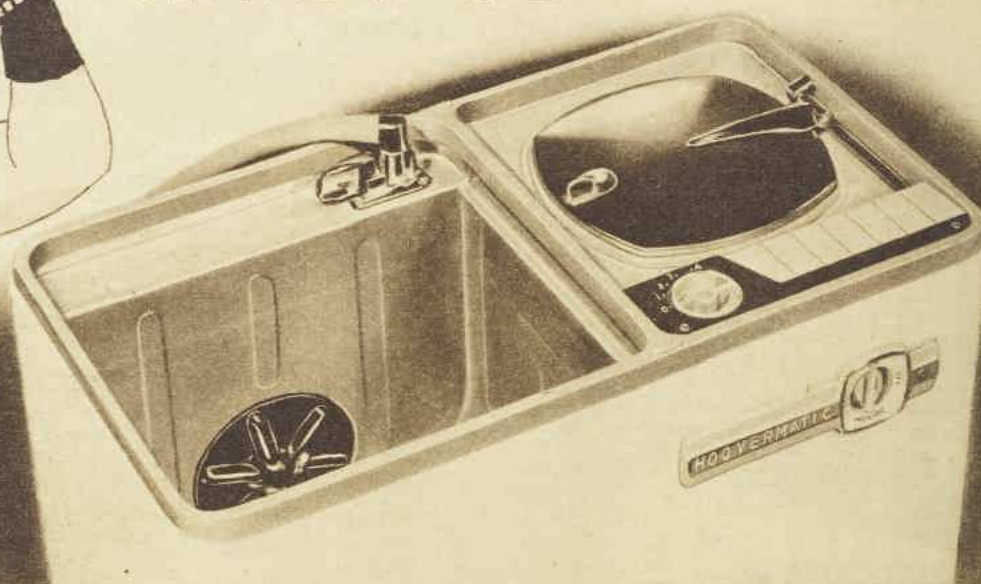
Jeldi Chenille
Bedspreads are as warm as an
extra blanket. They always wash
wonderfully, wear wonderfully,
never crush, never need ironing.

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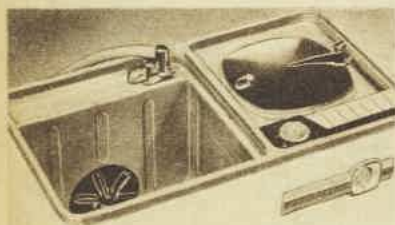
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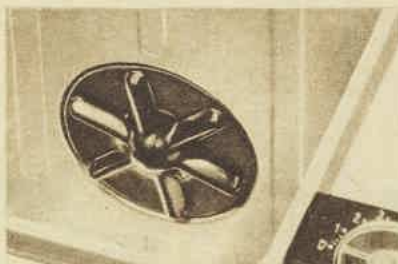


Only Hoovermatic has the eight important features to give you the quickest, cleanest wash of all



TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED

With Hoovermatic's simultaneous action, one load is rinsed and spin-dried while the next is being washed. Sudsy water from the spinner is automatically returned to the washing compartment. No tedious emptying and filling of tubs.



BOILING ACTION WASH

Test laundries have proved no other washing method washes as clean as Hoover's boiling action. Hoover's unique pulsator sends swift currents of sudsy water swirling through the clothes, lifting out every particle of dirt.



DOUBLE-RINSE AND SPIN-DRY

Every load is rinsed twice leaving clothes clean, suds-free. Then they're spun so dry that some fabrics are almost ready to iron. (Even blankets come out light and fluffy!) Hoovermatic's spin-drying has never broken a button yet!



12 LB. WASH IN MACHINE AT ONCE

No other washing machine matches Hoovermatic for speed. While 6 lbs. of clothes are being washed, another 6 lbs. are being rinsed and spin-dried. In just 4 minutes a full load of whites — 1 minute for woollens — is sparkling clean.



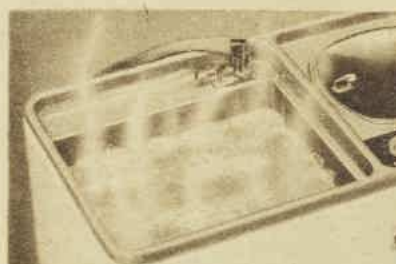
AUTOMATIC TIMER

Simply set Hoovermatic's automatic timer and, whatever the load, your washing period is perfectly controlled. Never any needless over-washing. The timer switches off the washing action at just the right moment.



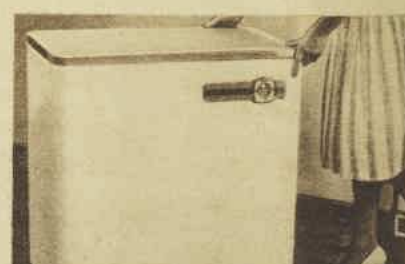
SAFETY LID FOR SPIN TUB

Spin-rinsing and drying starts the moment you close Hoovermatic's safety lid — automatically brings spinning to a stop in 3 seconds from the moment it's opened. So convenient — so safe for curious little fingers too!



HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER

Heater model features high efficiency element safely concealed in the bottom of the washing compartment. Makes water as hot as you want it — even boils! Heater model Hoovermatic costs just 7 guineas extra.



SUPERB FINISH: NO COSTLY INSTALLATION

From its stainless steel tub right down to its special non-chafe flex Hoovermatic is superbly finished. No bolting down or plumbing — on its free-gliding castors it slips comfortably into the smallest bathroom or laundry.

Price 126 guineas — Heater model 133 guineas



FINE APPLIANCES - AROUND THE HOUSE, AROUND THE WORLD

HW59.WWFP2



"I don't want the phone now. I wrote him a letter and mailed it two hours ago."



"Looks to me like a severe case of Hasndoneishomework."

It seems to me

"It is not dignified," said a Buckingham Palace spokesman, "for people to try to climb the Palace railings."

He was speaking during the excitement which attended the birth of the Queen's new baby.

It is not only undignified to climb the railings. It would be quite difficult.

On my brief visit to London last year I never had time to try.

What with fitting in all the other sights of the city I just managed to drive by the Palace in a taxi, once to see the guardsmen outside for the last time, and the next day to see them in their new position, near the walls of the building.

There was originally a plan, so my cab-driver told me, to put the guards just inside the railings.

"The higher-ups changed their minds and put 'em back against the wall," he said with the air of one who was privy to Palace secrets. But then all London cab-drivers sound like that.

During this last couple of weeks the guardsmen probably thanked their lucky stars that they were beyond the reach of the Queen's loyal subjects. No more shin-kicking, no old ladies prodding them with umbrellas. Though, who knows, they may have felt rather out of things.

THE Palace staff and the London police on such occasions must have a difficult task in preserving decorum without dampening enthusiasm.

But keeping people back six feet from the railings is only likely to cause irritation among the crowds.

It will be a sad day for British royalty when Londoners and tourists cease to flock to the Palace and stare.

IN the course of his voluble life Russia's Mr. Khrushchev has uttered millions of words, some threatening, some insulting, some good-humored.

Here and there he says something memorable, and I'd nominate his statement "Ideas are not salami" as likely to survive him.

The full statement, made in the course of somewhat confused exchanges with Italy's Signor Gronchi at a reception in Moscow, was: "We do not sell ideas if they are no good. Ideas are not salami."

This was neither profound nor polite, and was probably merely intended to irritate Mr. Gronchi.

But it has that peculiar quality which causes a saying to pass into the language. One imagines some Russian teacher, 50 years hence, saying to the writer of a composition, "Ivan, don't use such clichés. Try to think of something original. Say, 'Ideas are not pork sausages.'"

By



Dorothy Drann

I AM not usually stirred to defend my own sex. As a rule I am prepared to admit (especially if it will start an argument) that most men are cleverer and more logical.

And, of course, they are much better at setting mouse-traps and fixing rattly windows.

But last week I was stung by a sentence in a book review in a Sydney paper.

The writer, discussing a new novel, described it as "one of those works which, one

assumes, while away the minutes for middle-aged matrons between bouts of housework, afternoon tea with the 'girls,' bridge, and television."

There is a patronage here which it would be feeble to let pass. Let us admit that many matrons (and spinsters, too) while away minutes, even hours, on unintellectual pursuits. But so do many men.

So let us sharpen our pencils for a review of a new Mickey Spillane. One could say, "This is one of those books which, one assumes, while away the minutes for middle-aged married men between mowing the lawn, beer with the boys, poker, and television."

THOSE churchmen who take the view that Sunday night movies are no more sinful than watching television at home seem to have unassailable good sense on their side.

A NEW YORK agent is building up a profitable business by hiring out beatniks as attractions at society parties. The hostess pays, the agent takes a commission. The beatniks wear their traditional clothes, the men reading poetry, the girls merely lounging round and looking uninterested.

Such brave beginnings as the movement had,

For such an end. It really is too bad. Caring for nothing, spurning money, fame,

Contemptuous of all you like to name, Scorning ambition, courting sweet despair,

Requiring little but a cup, a chair, Pickled in caffeine and befumed in smoke, Treating the world as just a tasteless joke.

So sad is life. It is, at length, a trap, Making of square and beat alike, a sap, Though which are which in this case, beats or squares,

It's hard to say. And all in all, who cares?

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1960

DRESS SENSE

By
Betty Keep



DS396.—One-piece dress and matching cape in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● The wool dress-and-cape ensemble (above) is this week's design choice for an all-purpose winter outfit.

THIS fashion item answers a reader who wrote:

"I would like a suggestion for a suitable material and a design for an all-purpose winter outfit, that is, to wear for day and semi-formal evening occasions. My main idea is to get something both warm and attractive. I hope you can assist me with this problem and let me have a pattern in size 34in. bust. I am 28 years of age."

Any type of soft-textured wool would be an excellent choice for the all-purpose ensemble illustrated above. The dress has a high-to-the-throat, collarless neckline. Minus the cape, it could be dressed up for a semi-formal occasion.

Dress-up suggestion: A five-stranded dog-collar choker necklace. These Edwardian chokers are the newest thing in costume jewellery. They can be made in jet, pearls, or multi-colored beads.

A paper pattern for the ensemble is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"MY intention is to buy a new topcoat this season. As it is frightfully cold and windy during our winter, I wondered if you could suggest a smart style that had some extra protection against the cold?"

For bitter weather there is nothing more comfortable and

flattering than a coat with a hood. For extra warmth, the hood—and the coat, too—could be lined with fine wool. Say, for instance, your choice is tweed for the coat and a fine wool jersey for the lining; the color of the lining could be in a contrast color to the coat.

"WHAT style of hat would look new to wear with a red-and-brown tweed coat?"

I suggest a cloche with a peaked crown, made in the same tweed as the suit. This hat-matched-to-the-ensemble is a very prevalent fashion for autumn and winter.

"THE following sewing problem is troubling me. I have made a frock buttoning from the neckline to the hem, and I can't get the buttons in the correct place for the buttonholes."

The position of the buttons should be marked after the buttonholes are made. Mark with pins through the buttonholes, then stitch the buttons to the dress.

"WOULD it be correct to use a fox-fur collar on a wool topcoat?"

Perfectly correct. Long-haired pelts, particularly fox, are the newest furs to be used as a trim.

"I WANT to use some striped navy-and-white silk for a between-seasons frock. I am small and a bit

plump and have a short neck. Would this patterned fabric make me look too squat?"

Vertical lines, those running up and down, appear to lengthen and slenderise the figure. As you have a short neck, choose a design with a small collar and a deep or wide V-neckline.

"I INTEND making a slim one-piece for late-day. What could I do to add some sort of interest to the frock?"

Focus attention on the sleeves. They could be funnel shape, have a kimono cut, or be made in the form of a capelet.

"PLEASE tell me the correct length for a tailored suit."

In Paris, the source of all new fashions, the autumn hemlines fluctuate according to the designer. At Dior the autumn day length was knee-high or a shade lower. Lanvin showed the longest skirt in Paris—it practically covered the wearer's calf. I think for the average figure one inch below the knee or slightly longer is a good compromise.

"COULD you suggest material and design for a suit to be worn in the city as well as the country? I already have a classic tailor-made, and now need a more casual type."

A suit with a cardigan-type Chanel jacket, made in brown-and-white tweed, would blend well against a town or coun-

try landscape. Have the cardigan jacket bound in plain brown and the skirt slim and easy. Wear the suit with a white shirt-blouse for autumn, and later with a brown or white knitted pullover.

"MINE is a teenage query that I hope you will help me solve. I wear slacks in weekends and as I am rather tired of the same old shirt or sloppy joe I wondered if you could suggest something a bit different."

Skinny pants topped by a wrist-length tunic is a very new twosome. Have the tunic collarless, sleeveless, front-buttoned, and slit several inches up the side seams.

"THE fabric choice for my wedding gown is silver and white brocade. Would you be so kind as to suggest a design for such material? I would prefer a style without a train if this is correct. The style is to suit a tall, slender figure."

When a fabric has rich texture it is good fashion for the design to be simple. It is perfectly correct for a wedding gown to be minus a train. My suggestion for the design is a moulded bodice finished with an uncollared bateau-shaped neckline and wide, uncuffed three-quarter sleeves. Have the skirt dome-shape and just to ankle-bone length, and the normal waist circled with a stiffened three-inch-wide self-material belt.

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GOLD MEDAL FASHIONS

● *An exciting fashion year for wool is forecast by the designs here, and on the following pages. The clothes are all gold-medal winners in the Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Competition for 1960. One thousand entries, Australian designed and manufactured, were judged in Melbourne.*



● Smooth-surface wool in Guardsman-red is the material choice for the striking coat (above). The design is front-belted. The luxury fur collar is chinchilla. Gold-medal-award winner in the couture section. Design was by Furs Renee Pty. Ltd.



● Kimono-line coat in yellow looped-surface wool (left) over a carnation-printed sheer wool dress. The flower in the dress matches the coat color. Winners in the suits and ensembles (over £20) section. Design: Hartnell of Melbourne Pty. Ltd.

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GOLD MEDAL FASHIONS



● This superb classic one-piece dress is made in houndstooth wool knit. The dress has batwing sleeves and a self-material belt. Gold-medal-award winner in the knitted wool frock section. Design: Crest-knit Industries Ltd.



● Wool georgette is chosen for the elegantly swathed afternoon dress (left). Gold-medal-award winner in the day dress section (over £12). The design is by Hartnell of Melbourne.

● White knit wool is seen (right) made in a front-buttoned one-piece. Gold-medal - award winner in the knitted dress section. Design by Merinda Pty. Ltd.



● Shirtwaist dress with an all-round pleated skirt (left) made in paisley-printed wool. Gold-medal - award winner in the day dress section (over £12). Design is by Sharlene Creations.

Fabric forecast

● Shown here are four new looks in wool; all follow the current trend of a fitted waistline. Knitted fabrics and sheers make interesting wool news — specialties this year are houndstooth check and paisley print.

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LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! THE CRESTKNIT LOOK!

GOLD MEDAL
FASHIONS

New ways with wool



● Two-piece suit in wool boucle (above) has a single-breasted hip-length jacket finished with an unusual wide and rounded collar. Winner in the suits and ensembles section (under £20). Designed by Raymon Manufacturing Co.

● Here elegance and wearability are combined in four new and beautiful wool fashions. Simplicity of line emphasises the interesting fabrics. Bulky and fine wool knits are an up-and-coming fashion. Beige will be worn in all shades this winter, including stone, caramel, and beige with a green tone.



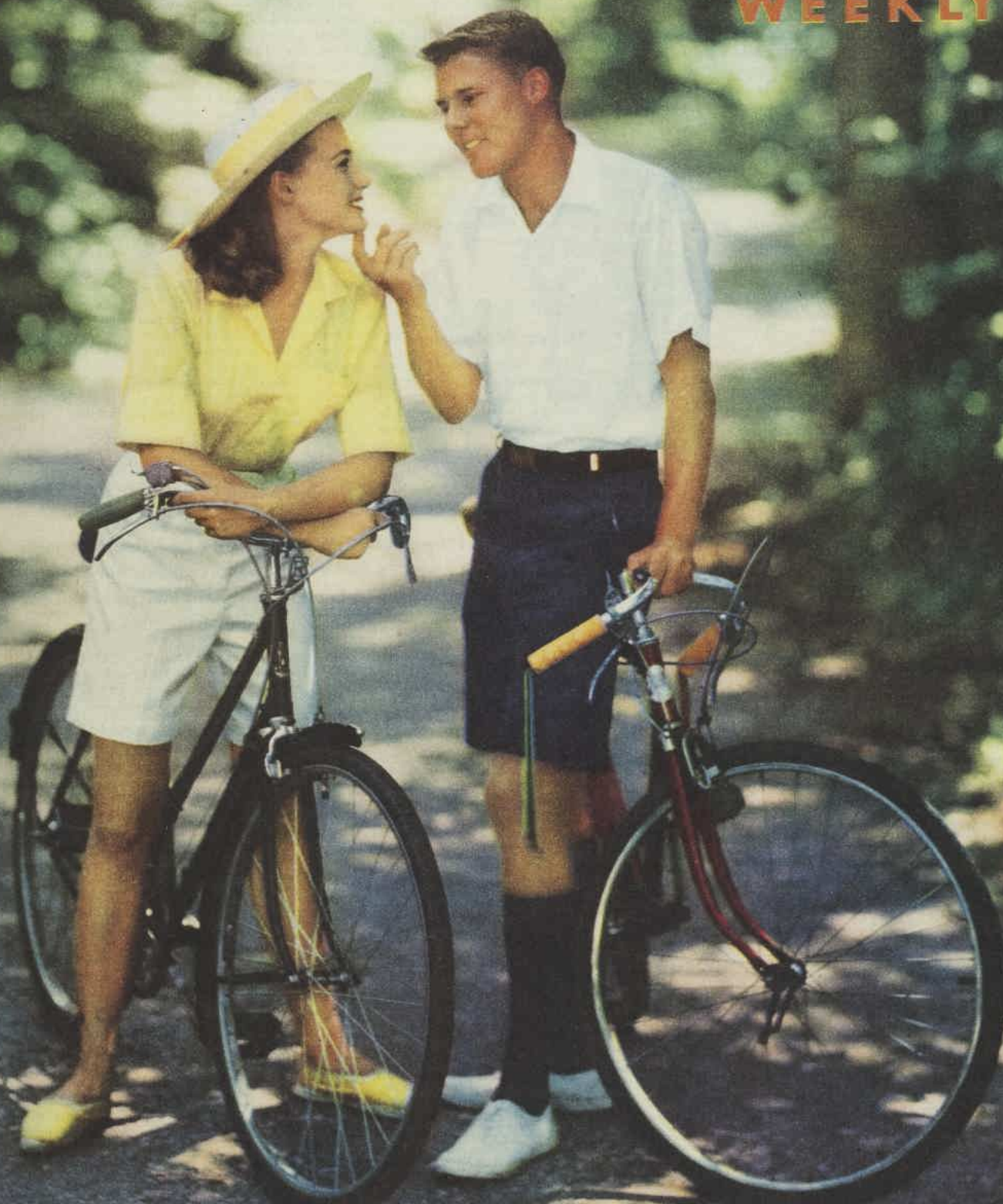
● Casual chic is seen in the bulky-knit cardigan jacket (right). The wrist-length, single-breasted jacket is front-buttoned with flat pearl buttons. Winner in the sports jacket section (over £5). Design: De Angeli Knitwear Pty. Ltd.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 9, 1960

Teenagers

WEEKLY



AUTUMN FASHIONS—pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately.

LETTERS

Group fun better than a steady

I HAD a steady boy-friend, until last year, and although I had a good time I found that I hardly knew anybody. Now I belong to a church group and we get around together, and have a fabulous time. We have a tennis club, lots of dances, record evenings, parties, barbecues, and long weekend house parties. We all think it's much better and more fun than having a steady boy- or girl-friend at the age of 14 or 15.—"Contented," Epping, N.S.W.

Be original

WHY is it that whenever a girl buys something new three or four of her girl-friends rush out and buy exact copies? I know copying is supposed to be a form of flattery, but why can't people be more original? A group of girls out together and dressed differently is interesting and colorful.—Jill Brophy, Coogee, N.S.W.

Work problem

I HAVE two daughters, not yet teenagers. One loves helping with the housework, the other hates it. Do young readers think the one who dislikes housework should be made to do her share, or leave it to the sister who likes doing it?—"Mother's Help," Cairns, Qld.

Hint for boys

I AM one of the many teenagers who find it difficult to continue conversations with boys of my own age. At social functions why can't boys, when trying to start a conversation, ask a question which can't be answered by "yes" or "no." By doing this boys would receive better results and we would find it easier to overcome our shyness.—"Shy Teenager," Canberra, A.C.T.



DOUGLAS WELLINGTON
... in the kitchen.

Whose place?

AFTER I had lunch at a girl-friend's place recently she told me it was my place to do the dishes. I think she should have done them, as it is a girl's place to be in the kitchen.—Douglas Wellington, Brunswick, Vic.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our pin-up: Tuesday Weld, a former New York child model, at 16 has firmly established herself as Hollywood's most unconventional teenage star. She recently replaced Carol Lynley in the Bing Crosby-Fabian film, "High Time."

Forced schooling

TOO many parents are making their children go to school when the children themselves do not think they are capable of the work. Parents who make their children go to school do not do any good for the children, because it only makes the child unhappy and uncomfortable.—"Happy," Merredin, W.A.

Let Asians in

IN its present form, the White Australia Policy is out of date. Asians should be allowed into the country, but in very limited numbers. Surely, if we don't ask them in, they'll come anyway. The danger of communism will be very low, for Asian communists are not allowed to leave their countries.—R.K., Morwell, Vic.

Our heritage

AUSTRALIA has developed in her first 172 years of white settlement much more rapidly than did America in the same period. We have ten million people; when America was the same age she was populated by four million. Great engineering schemes such as the Snowy are developing our country. But what of the heritage Australia has from her early settlement; the mateship, the independence, our art, music, literature, our unique way of life? Are we submerging these things in a tendency to become more and more "Americanised"?—"Jennifer," Geelong, Vic.

Crazy hairstyle

GIRLS, why do you cut your hair short and follow those crazy French hairstyles? Most American girls have long and lovely curls hanging down to their shoulders, and it makes them look more feminine. Maybe you like short hair for the swimming season, but long hair can easily be tucked under a bathing cap. So grow it longer and you will be surprised how the boys will stare and you'll have dates to your heart's content.—"Long Hair," Morwell, Vic.

Girl strapper

PAMELA ROGERS wrote of her unusual job on a goat dairy (T.W. 20/1/60). Well, my job before and after my office hours is to feed, water, strap, groom, and train—not goats, but racehorses. Although I don't think this unusual, I am the only girl strapper in our racing area. My father is a horsetrainer, my brother an apprentice jockey, and I am the stablehand. We have to rise about 5.30 each morning and take the horses to the track about two miles from our stables. I have five horses to work each morning and afternoon. During the past three years, I have made many firm friendships among the trainers, strappers, owners, and jockeys throughout our district. They all treat me as just "one of the boys," and I love it.—Kaye Fox, Inverell, N.S.W.

Migrant honors

YEAR after year in South Australia the Tennyson Medal for English Literature is won by a New Australian. These students who have come

to a new country and have had to learn a new language carry off all the honors. How can this be explained? Is it that they are far more brilliant than us, or is it simply that they are willing to work hard, harder than us easy-going Australians? Does this happen in other States?—"English Student," Booleroo Centre, S.A.

Against jive

TEENAGERS should not be allowed to jive on the dance-floor. Jive is just a lot of frantic swinging by people who can't do complicated dances such as The Albers, The Lancers, Pride of Erin, and The Palmer Waltz. Jive is the same thing repeated over and over again every 10 seconds or so. And I don't like being bumped into by jivers while I'm doing a proper dance.—"Teenager Too," Numerkah, Vic.

Shock tactics

RECENTLY we attended a local dance and were amazed at the behaviour of many of the boys. These boys we have never seen before, but within ten minutes of asking us to dance they were attempting to kiss us and appeared to be very surprised when we objected to their behaviour. We are seriously considering not going to any more dances unless we are accompanied by boys we both know and like.—"Two Angry Blondes," East Kew, Vic.



RAELENE HURRELL
... had their day.

Bar the pros.

WHY let professional tennis players play in amateur games? They have had their day as amateurs, so why not let the amateurs of today have theirs?—Raelene Hurrell, Lock, S.A.

Boys' vanity

RECENTLY in a city street I saw a boy walking along combing his hair. You'll never see a girl do this. Boys at the beach keep a comb in their trunks and every time they come up from diving they immediately comb their hair and dive back into the water again. I thought I'd seen everything when I saw a man driving along in his car shaving with an electric shaver as he drove. Every boy does not have to be another "Kookie."—Jill Heyworth, Five Dock, N.S.W.

Bribes for students opposed

● Helen Fitzgerald (T.W., 10/2/60) said that her parents' challenge to do well in her exams, by promising her a watch and an interstate trip, helped her to study hard and pass. But every letter in reply, except one, condemned the idea as "bribery."

DOES Helen Fitzgerald really think that a watch or a trip to Melbourne adds any incentive to gain a school certificate? I have done three years' exams and have been offered no extra favors, yet have still done fairly well. A child owes something to her parents, and if she tries hard to do her best the parents would be happy and the child would partly have repaid them. If a target set by a parent is too low, the child would not tend to try any harder than necessary. On the other hand, if it was too high, the prize missed would add to the disappointment of losing the certificate.—Keith Pyke, Stonyford, Vic.

I DISAGREE with this idea, as it tends to make an exam a quest for material things. The outcome of an exam affects no one but the person being examined. The result of an exam will affect the rest of his career. Therefore I think that a student should sit for an exam only with the idea that the results will bear upon his choice of a future career.—Warren Noble, North Rockhampton, Qld.

HELEN, you were not studying for schoolwork but for the gifts your parents promised you. My brother has just com-

pleted his B.Sc. at the University. My parents gave him £10, but he did not know he would get this until after he passed. I suppose when you reach this standard of education you will want a Rolls Royce.—"Earn It," Nedlands, W.A.

DOES Helen think that all her efforts in life will be rewarded as handsomely as her success in her recent examinations? Her reward, which takes the form of a bribe, most certainly may have spurred her on to greater efforts, but how will she tackle problems later in life when there is no such reward. Students who don't study only let themselves down and this in itself should spur them on.—"R.G.," Heyfield, Vic.

A CHILD should not be forced to work by such promises. Nor should a child be rewarded for some particular achievement in one examination. A child should work all the time to please his parents and to gain greater knowledge for a career in later life.—"S.D.S.," Abbotsleigh, N.S.W.

SURELY we should work hard at school to improve our knowledge and not to win prizes. Our parents make enough sacrifices to send us to school without having to buy presents, too. We should be pleased to

do well to thank our parents.—Sheena Rappitt, Windate, N.S.W.

WHAT about the student who is not especially brilliant and the parents might say "You can have a trip and a watch if you get over 80 per cent." The student might slog away at school all the year and still only get 60 per cent. and will suffer both disgrace and disappointment.—"Disgrace," Jamestown, S.A.

HOW I disagree with Helen! Just think how she will get on when she is older and has no one to bribe her to do well. This is bad training for life. I recently finished my exams, passing with honors, and my only incentive to do well was the thought of my parents' disappointment if I failed to pass.—"Schoolgirl," Footscray, Vic.

I AGREE that if parents promise their children gifts before an important exam the children are able to do better, as they have something to study for. I sat for the Junior Examination in 1959, and Mum and Dad promised me that for every "A" I managed to achieve they would buy me an Elvis EP album. I received 5 "A's" and so I got my records.—Robyn Usher, Mackay, Nth. Qld.

Portrait of two young artists

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

● "Modern," "objective," "subjective," "pre-Raphaelite" . . . the words ricocheted round my ears. Keith Looby and Brian Dunlop were doing all the talking — both young, both artists, but, like oils and water-colors, worlds apart.

WE were sitting on the steps outside Barry Stern's new Museum of Modern Art in Kings Cross, Sydney—Brian and Keith had each sold a painting to the gallery's permanent collection.

Keith, just turned 20, is tall, rather gangling, with a curling brown, Julius Caesar haircut. He's got a slow, quiet voice, and a rather defensive attitude to the world.

Brian is 21 and not so tall, with a quick engaging grin and loads of happy-go-lucky self-assurance.

"What do we want to do? Just paint." This was Keith.

Brian agreed. "We paint in one way now, but how do we know how we'll be painting in five years—we're still developing, you see."

"I want to get away from this machine-age abstract art," said Keith. "It's becoming too scientific. I want to paint in a softer, more human way."

"But the fashion's for subjective art now," interrupted Brian.

"What rot," said Keith. And it was on.

Real emotion

"You're just an old romantic," finished Brian.

"That's right," the old romantic agreed. "I am sentimental and I want to bring sentiment into my painting. Real emotion, not like the pre-Raphaelites, no, like Van Gogh, for instance."

Keith says he wants to withdraw from the aridity of the jet age and appeal to people's emotions through his painting. However, his painting in the gallery is a cynical, not sentimental, picture of a children's party.

Perhaps he explained this when he said, "To be a success, I think I've got to become more and more cynical as a sort of protection."

"Well, I don't," said Brian firmly, "you could say I'm reacting against the fashion for the subjective. I don't want to express my subconscious feelings, I want to make an objective statement in my painting."

"I like painting figures, not treating them merely as shapes as an abstract painter, but painting them as real individuals."

"My painting in the gallery isn't just the portrait of one

little girl, but a symbol of a particular type of little girl. Does that sound all right?"

Eventually we left the heady subject of art and waded into life as these young artists live it.

They both went to technical high schools—and hated every minute of it.

"You should have seen my maths books," said Keith. "Always covered with drawings. I never did any maths."

"Nor did I," said Brian. "I just loathed school—all those soulless technical subjects—not one thing to stimulate your imagination."

Art the answer

Keith began to warm up: "In schools nowadays you get an education just the way you buy something in a shop. Never a chance to think anything through for yourself."

"If I hadn't been able to draw I guess I'd have ended up as a bodgie."

"No, I'm not a beatnik—I don't know what that's all about. Perhaps they had something a few years ago—now it's just another fad."

After doing the Intermediate Certificate both boys went to East Sydney Technical College and started the five-year diploma course in painting and drawing. Brian finished a year ago and Keith finished at the end of last year.

With other young artists, Brian has exhibited in Sydney, Newcastle and Adelaide—the Newcastle Art Gallery has bought one of his paintings and so have Kym Bonython—who has got one of the best collections of modern Australian paintings—and Henry Krips, conductor of the South Australian Symphony Orchestra.

"I've done a mural in a coffee-shop, and painted a Red Indian above somebody's fireplace," Brian said with a grin.

He's been baby-sitting—"not really, since the kids were about ten and 12"—in the country, painting his landlady's flat at Paddington, and taking odd jobs, so he can afford to keep painting.

Brian also taught art for a while in various schools.

"I enjoyed teaching—the kids were interested," he said. "But you couldn't just let them develop their own techniques—you had to force them to cover what the Education Department had set for that lesson."

"Now on Saturday mornings,



TOP: Brian Dunlop laughing happily beside his head portrait in the Museum of Modern Art, Kings Cross, Sydney. BELOW: Keith Looby, brooding silently in front of his painting, "Children's Party," which has also been bought by the same gallery.

I have an art class at Kogarah Technical College, and the difference—the kids come in their own time and they're really keen."

Money matters

Keith lives at Bondi with his father and says he started to paint only two years ago. Actually he's been drawing and sketching ever since he was so high, but it's in the past two years that he could see what it was all about. He writes fairy-tales, "very simple, very sad, with a moral."

He takes odd jobs, too—usually washing dishes—so he can keep on buying paints, brushes, and canvases.

Both Brian and Keith are working for the New South Wales Travelling Art Scholar-



POINT OF ETIQUETTE

IT'S pretty awful being the new girl anywhere, but worst of all is being the new girl in a new job.

First impressions count for a lot, so make sure you appear in the best light.

Be polite to all and considerate of their feelings—don't knock them over in your rush to feel at home.

Smile when you're introduced to all the unfamiliar faces, but wait to follow their lead—don't gabble on, they might be wanting to get back to some urgent job; and, most important, don't boast.

Don't rush up to the girl next to you and say, "Where do you have lunch? Can I come?" even if you have to spend a pretty dull lunch-hour by yourself.

Of course you're dying to get to know everybody, but don't ask questions about them, and for heaven's sake don't gossip or make disparaging remarks about the job.

Tell your friends not to ring you until you find out the office rules on personal calls; arrive back on time after lunch and don't nick off home early.

Wear a fairly plain and conservative outfit on your first day.

Lay off the mascara and eye-shadow and layers and layers of make-up, too.

Be your own unpushing self . . . and they'll love you.

Worth Reading: MAURICE GUEST,

by Henry Handel Richardson

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON, one of the finest of Australian-born writers, was a woman; her maiden name was Ethel Richardson. In 1887, when she was 17, she went to Leipzig, Germany, to study the piano. Her life there gave her the material for the novel, *Maurice Guest*, which she published 20 years later. It tells of a young Englishman's unhappy love affair while he is a student in Leipzig, and ends in tragedy. It is written with the seriousness, deep feeling, and realism that the author afterwards put into her most famous work, the set of three novels called *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*.
—Ross Campbell

Don't take risks...



Going for a spin in the car with that special guy

He won't have to be told not to take risks driving with extra special *you* along. And you won't have to be told not to take risks with your personal fragrance, if you use Mum. Mum Deodorants are the safe, gentle deodorants—the deodorants you can trust. The special ingredient in Mum Deodorants, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria causing perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day. Mum Deodorants are the most convenient, most effective deodorants you can buy. They're absolutely safe for normal skins and cannot damage the finest fabrics.



Stay up-to-date dainty, with Mum

Choose from Mum Cream, 1/9.5/3, Mum Stick, 6/3, and Mum Rollette, 7/6, at all chemists and quality stores

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



A CALORIE-COUNTER and a little maths are all these girls need for health.

If you're too fat

... you eat too much—it's as simple as that.

Every day you need a certain number of calories to maintain your ideal weight, and any extra calories you eat ruin your chances of keeping down to that weight.

To get to that ideal weight, you've got to eat less food, so your body will use up your extra fat.

The sensible way to lose weight is to see your doctor and ask him to draw up a simple diet for you to follow.

Plan on a steady, regular loss of about a pound a week over a long period.

Does that mean you have to starve? No—because you need a variety of foods every day to keep healthy, and without health your chances of being pretty go flying right out the window.

You must eat four different kinds of food each day: milk and milk products; proteins (cheese, meat, fish, eggs); fruits and vegetables (especially leafy green vegetables and citrus fruits); fats, sugars, and grain products (enriched whole-grain bread, potatoes, a little sugar, a little fat).

The calorie amounts you need daily are a little higher for a teenager than they would be for an older person because you've got lots of growing still to do.

Girls require 2500 calories daily; boys 13 to 15 require 2500 calories

daily; boys 16 to 20 require 3200 calories daily.

You have to eat 500 calories less than you need to lose a pound a week—but don't go below 1800 calories, for health's sake.

Write down exactly what you eat, buy yourself a calorie-counter, and look up the calorie equivalents. Be honest—count your stop at the milk-bar, the food you eat at a party, or that snack after school.

If the daily total is way above your calorie allowance, start cutting down those helpings of fattening, high-calorie foods.

The one meal you mustn't cut down or skip is breakfast. Your diet will be that much easier if you start out with a filling breakfast to get you through the morning.

Take a sensible lunch to school or work every day.

Lay off the half-dozen sandwiches followed by a couple of pieces of cake or pastry. Instead, take hard-boiled eggs, salad, raw carrot sticks, and fruit.

The best way for a teen to diet is to have three healthy meals a day—and no eating between meals.

However, if you must have that after-school snack at home, eat raw carrots, sticks of celery, or a few slices of cheese.

At the milk-bar (keep away if you can), order pure fruit juice even if the rest of the gang is filling up on gooey goodies.

Throw away any hidden hoards of chocolates, chips, or peanuts.

From now on you're NOT going to eat between meals.

Keep thinking of your new slim figure . . . it's worth it.

If you're too thin

... you don't eat enough.

You should eat much the same as usual but more often, and add extra fats and moderate amounts of sweets.

But don't ruin your appetite by nibbling too many sweets just before a meal.

If you've been skipping breakfast, it will be hard at first to have a largish meal so early in the morning.

Best solution: get up earlier than you usually do (is there no end to the misery we suggest?) and get showered, dressed, combed, and completely ready.

By the time you sit down to breakfast you'll feel more like eating.

Have lots of healthy snacks—at home a glass of milk, an egg-flip, or a piece of bread spread liberally with peanut butter.

At the milk-bar have a malted milk shake—and relax as you drink it.

Don't confuse slimness with the skinny look. Models are slim, but they've also got sparkling eyes, shiny hair, and no circles under their eyes.

That's because they eat the right food and get lots of sleep.

So eat up . . . and think how you'll fill out that swimsuit or new dance dress.

The secrets of D I E T for teenagers

Are you too fat or too thin?

Is your complexion spotty?

● It doesn't help to be told that in a few years your figure will slim down or fill out or your skin will clear up. Because these things are making you unhappy NOW.

Fat teenagers are unhappy. So are those who are too skinny, those with bad complexions, lack-lustre hair, brittle nails, that tired feeling, all of which accompany bad eating habits.

BAD EATING HABITS—that's the clue. They cause all your troubles and unhappiness.

If you've got acne

... you are eating the wrong kinds of food.

Of course, you can't get rid of a really severe case of acne by diet alone—you need to consult a doctor, and he'll recommend treatment, including a diet.

However, ordinary cases of pimples, blackheads, and that blotchy look can be controlled by eating the right foods.

All your glands are over-active as your body changes and adjusts to adulthood, and your skin can't handle the extra secretions of oil. That's the basic cause of acne.

At the first sign of a pimple, don't reach for a chocolate to console yourself—try a piece of fruit.

Eat the sensible food suggested to the girl who wants to lose weight—with emphasis on citrus fruits and leafy vegetables—in the amounts required to maintain your ideal weight.

Stay away from anything fatty or cooked with oil. And cut down on sweets.

Combine this with regular, thorough cleansing with soap and water—as often as five times a day. Get outdoors and exercise.

Tension aggravates acne. That means that somehow you've got to learn to relax about the problem, or you'll make it worse.

Keeping active helps you banish tension—and keeps you too busy to eat the wrong kinds of food.



BEFORE AND AFTER shows dieting is not sissy for boys.

EACH DAY YOU NEED

1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1 serving of meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 1½ slices of wholemeal bread, ½ cup cereal, 1 serving each of green or yellow vegetables, 2 servings of citrus fruit, 3 teaspoons of butter or other fats.

... and don't worry about these:

Black coffee, no cream or sugar; black tea, no milk or sugar; water; clear vegetable soup; beef tea; broth made from meat or vegetable extracts.

AT A PARTY you can eat moderate helpings of these: Rockmelon; prawns; poultry; cream cheese; oysters; ice-cream; jelly.



Boys, too

... suffer as much, perhaps even more, from overweight and acne.

And they have another problem—they're afraid that dieting is "sissy," and that they'll look foolish counting calories.

But do you ever think how a too-fat boy looks more like a sissy than does a dieter?

And who says you have to tell anybody you're on a diet? Memorise the calorie counts of the more obvious food choices—and let your new figure come as a pleasant surprise to everybody but you!

Be sure to note that you need more calories than girls do to maintain your weight. But get the extra calories from protein, milk, vegetables, and fruit, not sweets.

Remember: even the way you look next week depends on what you eat today.

Drop that biscuit—and start today to eat intelligently, sanely, like the adult you nearly are.



ACNE is often the result of bad eating habits.

FOR FATTENING

	Calories
Lemon meringue pie (one slice)	325
Apple pie	300
Spaghetti with meat, sauce and cheese	436
½ lb. block plain milk chocolate	540
Malted milk (plain) 8oz. glass	250
Chocolate malted milk	400
Malted milk with chocolate and ice-cream	600
Jellybean (who eats one?)	10
Potato chip	10
Peanut butter (one dessertspoon)	100
Hamburger	300

FOR SLIMMING

	Calories
Asparagus spears (five large ones)	15
3 stalks celery	9
1 apple	80
½ grapefruit	50
20 cherries	75
1 orange	70
Tomato juice (4oz. glass)	25
Cucumber (long green) medium size	10
Carrots (one cupful)	50
Tomato	30

Autumn clothes... they're warm, man!

*For autumn, 1960, fashions
are young and feminine. At
a special parade, a store
in Melbourne showed what
the best-dressed teenager
will wear this season...*



GOING TO THE FOOTBALL—in a tartan kilt with 1960 additions: long white socks and flatties, plus a bulky white sweater featuring the newest in necklines, fringed revers.

GOING TO TOWN—in a suit of fine houndstooth-checked wool. The fitted jacket tops a skirt of unpressed pleats. And under the jacket, a wool jersey blouse collared in checks.

Fashions from Georges



GOING TO A PLATTER PARTY—in a swirling flecked tweed skirt. The bright wool jersey blouse is trimmed with a "necktie" of the skirt material.



GOING MOTORING—in a roomy, rain-proofed poplin car-coat with leather buttons and a furry collar. The pants are of washable suede cloth.



GOING OUT (anywhere)—in a top-coat that's pretty, but serviceable, too. It has a rounded collar and cuffs, and the back is belted below the waist. The coat is double-breasted.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Not good enough

"I AM 15, and for six months I have been friendly with a 16-year-old boy. I don't go out with him because, as my parents and I agree, I'm too young. I come home from a church club every week with him and from any parties we both attend. I like him a lot, but I feel sometimes that he is not good enough for me. During our friendship I've got to know him quite well. He doesn't seem to care how he gets on at school. I'm now a class ahead of him. I think at our age school is much more important than having a good time. Some of his friends are not very well behaved. He doesn't dress very well. I'm not a square, but I don't like blue jeans and bright socks very much. I commented on his socks once, and he hasn't worn them since. I know boys who seem to have better outlooks on life, and arc, I hope, my counterparts to a certain extent. But these boys don't seem half as nice as my friend X. I find I don't like any boy I meet who seems to like me. I much prefer to be with X. Could this be because he pays more attention to me? Do you think I should continue my friendship with X? Have I been wrong in permitting him to hold hands, etc. My feeling for him could be described as a deep affection. I think I'd be foolish in thinking it was anything more. Should I tell him of my dislike of his friends? Girl-friends of mine have commented that I've been a good influence on him. I think he could be described as a nice boy influenced by the wrong people. I think I could continue influencing him a bit without losing his friendship. Should I do this?"

"Moir," S.A.

No woman can change a man—not basically. You might get him out of bright socks, but you can't stop him liking them. But how you can say in one breath that you have a deep affection for him and in the other that he is not good enough for you seems strange. Either you like him and your affection overrides his faults or you don't.

I think you are too young to worry about such things, and that it would really be much better if you concentrated on your schoolwork. Don't try this quiet influence on him. It won't work.



Pick-up worry

"THE other Sunday night I was in the city alone window-shopping when a young foreigner who was in front of me stopped and waited until I had caught up with him. I ignored him and kept walking, but he stayed beside me, asking why I wouldn't speak. I did not say a word to him, but I felt slightly sorry for him, as he was probably lonely and wanting someone to talk to. There were quite a few people in town, so I soon lost him, but I still feel a little guilty about it. Should I have spoken to him?"

"Redhead," N.S.W.

No. It's too risky. It is a really bad situation—you were probably lonely and so was he, and would have enjoyed each other's company, but a girl really can't afford to speak to someone in the street like that.

Please don't think I mean because he was a foreigner; I would say the same about an Australian.

A girl takes a tremendous risk when she allows herself to be picked up. It might be the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to her, but it might also mean that she could be the central figure in a sensational newspaper story. Don't be in it.

Open door policy

"MY old steady always opened the car door for me, and always did everything a thorough gentleman does. Now I am going out with numerous different boys. Should I expect the same treatment, and if a boy doesn't open the door, do I just sit and wait? Also, when a man rings to ask me out and I am already going out, what is the very best thing to say without hurting his tender feelings? I am in my mid-teens, so is it all right to wear eyeshadow? I usually go out with older boys in their very late teens."

K.M.H., N.S.W.

Yes, you should expect every boy you go out with to treat you as a gentleman should. But always remember that it's up to the girl to make it easy for him to act in a gentlemanly way. Sit and wait for him to open the door. Don't leap on to the footpath like a startled fawn.

This girl keeps her distance

"I AM a boy 16½, and have been keeping friends with a girl of 16 who lives 30 miles away. I have only been going with her for a month, but every time I go out with her she won't talk or let me hold her hand. She also turns her back on me whenever I go out with her and her family. I haven't told her that I love her. Do you think that she is trying to make me say that I do, or do you think she is trying to get rid of me?"—"Girl Trouble," N.S.W.

Probably she's playing hard to get.

When a man rings you with an invitation and you are already going out, thank him and tell him what the situation is. If you do this he can't be hurt, only disappointed.

Eyeshadow is wonderful stuff if used properly. Can you manage it? If you can, there's no ban on it, I think, for dates and parties.

Slight crush

"RECENTLY while attending a teenage party I was introduced to the boy who lives about six doors from where I live. He danced with me all night, but unfortunately at the end of the evening asked my girl-friend could he walk her home. She refused, as she has been going steady with a boy for 12 months. After this he walked home with his brother and me. His brother knows that I now have a slight crush on him, but informs me the boy has a crush on my girl-friend. I am afraid I don't think I have much of a chance with him as I am so unattractive. Please tell me what I should do to make him notice me."

"Boy-next-door," Qld.

You can't do anything to make him notice you except to be polite when you see him, smile, and speak to him. But living so close to him gives you a great advantage. I can't understand the present-day habit of teenagers who seem to employ the old Chinese custom of go-betweens in the slightest association. I think using his brother in this way is astounding. I'd just keep how you feel to yourself, it's better that way.

I'm sure you are not unattractive. How could you be when this desirable young man danced with you all one evening?

Not sinful

"I HAVE met a very nice boy at a weekly dance I go to. I like him very much. He took me out once, and when we arrived home he asked me to give him a good-night kiss. Because of my religion I have very high ideas about some things. Kissing is one of them. I do not like it, and sometimes I am frightened of it. When I told him 'no' he seemed rather disappointed, but said he would make sure of it next time, as he is taking me to a dance next week. I want to go very much, but I am frightened that he might want to kiss me. Could you please advise me what to do, as I like him and I think he likes me. I do want to keep his friendship, but I am afraid I might lose it after next week. Do please answer my letter, as it is very important to me. I have never been kissed before."

"Poor Jenny," Tas.

I'd forget about that good-night kiss and go to the dance. Kisses happen and they're very nice. They are not wicked or sinful, and I'm sure any good-night kiss this nice boy gave you would not be against the high ideas your religion has given you.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



WHAT is your color — the one everyone says, without thinking, is YOURS? Blue, green, charcoal-grey, urky-purple, or hot-pink? Whatever it is, why not ditch it for this year?

Look different. It does the heart good and makes you look and act different.

It is so easy to get in a rut with color — always wear blue to match your eyes, pink because you're blond, brown because you've got brown hair and olive skin, and green because you've got red hair.

I get so tired of girls with red hair wearing green—it seems that everywhere you see red-hair tones from the slightest hint of auburn to the flaming aureole; good old green seems to march with it.

Why not wear those wonderful buttery-honey tones instead, warm beige, sapphire-blue, a yellow that complements the delicate skin tones that go with red hair?

Let your 1960 color-guide guide you to new colors or the dye-pot. It's exciting.

Tense with boy

"RECENTLY when I went to the pictures with a certain boy I was very tense and shaking. Was there any reason for this? At school there are a few girls with whom I used to go around everywhere. Sometimes they would start to talk about things in a way which you ought not to. To add to this, I no longer have hardly any interests the same as theirs. Two weeks ago I told them I was no longer going to go in their company. Do you think I did the right thing? How do you know if a boy likes you? I am talking about a boy at school. He does not exactly ignore me, nor does he pay an awful lot more attention to me than most boys. Do you think that my coming first in my class and he, who is in the class above mine, not being too good at his work (or so I have been told) would make any difference to him or any boy?"

"Rickerina," Vic.

You were so excited about going out with this boy that you couldn't relax, that's all.

How do you know a boy likes you? Well, it's the way he treats you over a long time that really tells you. There's no set formula you can apply. I don't think your position in the class would make any difference at all to the way a boy feels about you.

I'm sure you did the right thing about breaking off your association with the girls at school. When you outgrow a crowd and no longer share the same interests, there's no dividend in the friendship for anyone.

NEW LABEL FOR LOCAL TALENT



TV STAR Kerry Bryant (18) got a congratulatory hug from Dig Richards for her first record. Dig sang his new hits, "(Real Gone) Annie Laurie" and "South Of The Border."



THE GRADUATES, Pat, Nancy, and Pete, look pleased about their single for the new label, "The Mocking Bird," and "The Glory Of Love."

SWEET-SINGING Eddie Moses gives his autograph to singer-guitarist Candy Williams.



● We were invited to the launching of "Rex," the new all-Australian record label, and here are some of the talented young artists we found. You'll be hearing more of them during 1960.



DREAMBOAT rock-'n-roll singer, Rob E. G., took his Hawaiian guitar along to the launching ceremony and let us hear "Your Cheatin' Heart," Rob's track on an EP that also features Candy and Mandy, The New Notes, and Margaret Hooper.

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

Local talent: Friends the Austral-Italo Alf Luciana Trio made with "Prettiest Babe" will be interested in their latest Wicker-Gaha number "Why Cry?" (H.M.V. 45). It's not a "Prettiest Babe," but you can't come up with one of those all the time. Flip, "Mama's Little Baby," is the old "Shortenin' Bread" with a rock beat and new words. Grade Wicker handles both vocals.

WITH that old-time beat and hayseed-style of delivery, Reg Lindsay isn't everyone's favorite. But if you like Reg and patriotic-sentimental material there's a new Columbia 45—Reg's own "The Girl In My Home Town" and "Don't Steal Daddy's Medals."

Climbers: With young U.S. pop singer Mark Dinning due for an Australian tour, you may like to get to know him in advance through his M.G.M. 45 that offers the climbing "Teen Angel" and an attractive, Hawaiian-styled flip in "Bye Now, Baby."

ANDY WILLIAMS' version of Eula Parker's "The Village Of St. Bernadette," the one that "made it" almost overnight in the States, can

THE R. JAYS, Jay Boogie (piano), Leon Carl (drums), Peter Baker (electric bass), and Johnny Hayton (electric guitar), are the group you hear with Dig Richards.

hardly fail to do the same thing here. The flip, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," is an exceptionally pleasing slow ballad—very well sung by Andy. (London 45).

Pops: Tops of the 45s now on the market is Bobby Darin's marvellous "Mack The Knife"—"Beyond The Sea" (London), setting a new value for single-plays.

A FRESH, summery, youthful something makes Craig Douglas' "Sandy" (Pye 45) one you can go on liking. "What Do You Want?", the flip, has a stronger, semi-rock beat.

TO tie-in with his coming appearances in this country, R.C.A. has put out a Neil Sedaka EP, "Oh! Carol!" Other tracks are "Going Home To Mary Lou," "The Girl For Me," and "I Ain't Hurtin' No More."

International: No doubt at all that some of these Continental artists give their numbers a vivid and compelling quality that's all their own. A case in point is Belgian singer Willy Alberti's "Marina" and its flipside, a highly contagious number called "Gerasella." (Decca 45).

A PYE 45 brings Continental favorite Jacky Noguez (pronounced No-gay) and band in an original French recording of "Amapola," flipped by "Mahzel." The last sounds

a whole lot like the old Mary Martin number "My Heart Belongs To Daddy."

Jazz: If the Shearing sound has been too cool for your taste in the past, "Shearing On Stage!" (Capitol LP), first live-performance recording of The George Shearing Quintet, could be the one to make you change your mind. Coolish, of course, but a lively and attractive programme, including "September In The Rain," "Caravan," "I'll Remember April."

Classical: One to make the serious music-lover sit up and take notice is R.C.A. Camden's re-issue of the 1936 recording of Beethoven's magnificent Seventh Symphony, played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the late Arturo Toscanini. The combination of Toscanini in the golden period of his association with the orchestra and the mighty Seventh is enough to make the historical-minded break open their piggy-banks.

THREE American sisters, all muses, who have won renown as The Immaculate Heart Trio, can be heard on a Capitol LP in a heartfelt performance of Schubert's beautiful Trio No. 2 in E Flat Major. The youngest, cellist Sister M. Anthony, was for three years with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. A devout and highly professional occasion.



A PLAN FOR GROOMING

By Carolyn Earle

● *For a growing girl the shortest way to a smooth appearance is a simple grooming schedule.*

WHEN you see a girl who looks as fresh and attractive as the pretty lass at the left you can be sure that she has an efficient personal grooming plan that keeps her in the pink all the time.

Anyone who takes her appearance seriously enough can copy this look merely by setting aside a certain amount of time each week for personal refurbishing, and keeping to her plan no matter what.

You might, if it will help, write down the things you plan to do, in the order most convenient for you to follow. Like this:

EVERY NIGHT: Tub or shower, finishing off with lotion on elbows and heels, a dusting of fragrant bath powder, and applications of deodorant. Cleanse the skin well, apply suitable cream or lotion.

Brush hair at least 100 strokes and set in pin-curls or rollers if needed. And tuck yourself in for eight good hours of sleep.

ONCE A WEEK: Shampoo your hair (you'll find it quicker under the shower) and set it carefully in whatever manner you've found most satisfactory.

Give yourself a manicure and pedicure.

TWICE A WEEK: Do your personal laundry. Check your eyebrows for straggly hairs that need plucking, make sure that your legs and underarms are free from fuzz. Wash out your comb and hair-brush and put a fresh powder puff in your compact.

It takes only minutes to do

IF you are under the impression that in order to follow a routine such as the one suggested above you must start preparing for bed the minute the sun sets you are mistaken.

The average girl who has her grooming programme down pat should be able to whisk through it in 15 to 20 minutes a night, plus 30 minutes to an hour once a week.

Not too bad, is it?

Having your own toilet articles is important. While you may share your nail file or manicure scissors or clippers, you should never share your combs and hair brushes.

Incidentally, here is a brushing twist that is worthy of note because it results in glossier locks that look many more days away from the next washing than they really are.

Wash your brush in a mild soapy solution and let it dry in the ordinary way. Find one of your old laddered stockings or a soft, thin white sock,

stretch it over your brush and do your hair all over thoroughly.

Be persistent in your brushing and you'll remove surface dirt, and have locks with more "life" and shine right up to the next shampoo.

You should also have your own washcloths and towels. And they should be fresh. If laundry is a serious problem in your household do your own towels.

If you can manage it, it's always a good idea to have your own little cupboard or shelf in the bathroom on which you can keep your toilet things.



A GUY hits the (girls') nails on the head

CUTIES AND CUTICLES

- Among the many things about girls that puzzle me are their fingernails.

FOR a feller, nails are simply nuisances that have to be cut now and then.

He makes no fuss, just picks up a pair of scissors — even a razor blade — and hacks away.

Ten seconds later he forgets nails in favor of some more important problem — like where the next date is coming from.

But a girl and her nails? Unlike a fool and his money, a cutie and her cuticles are not so easily parted!

To a girl a nail seems more important than a male! (Even the most ardent scoffer at that statement must admit that no bloke can come up to scratch like lasses' nails can!)

All jokes aside, nails without a doubt play a fantastic role in girls' lives. At this moment, for instance, there probably isn't a girl in the country (over a certain age) who isn't doing, planning, or enjoying the fruits of work on her nails.

What a ritual it all is!

Take the equipment needed. The girl who sits at the next-door desk and I share a drawer in a filing cabinet.

A third of the drawer is filled with

AN EXPERT ON WOMEN

Robin Adair is considered to be an expert on women, and even though he's so young I think that he knows what he's talking about. If some girls realised what boys say about them I'm sure they would be more eager to take Robin's advice and less eager to dress and act like the pasty-faced dolls they consider themselves to be. — "Robin Forever," Toronto, N.S.W.

folders, another third with stationery odds and ends. The rest? Of course. Nail scissors, files, polishers, and bottles of goo in a range of colors that make Joseph's coat look like a shroud.

And this section of the drawer gets a darn side more use than the rest.

Several times a day my room-mate downs tools of trade to repair her polish. She daubs away with brush-strokes that would do credit to an Archibald Prize winner.

And, of course, while the muck is drying she can't do a tap of work.

Or else she'll split a nail in the line of duty. This necessitates diving into the drawer for her repair kit of scissors and files.

And, of course, her accident causes her to lose her nerve for a couple of hours. So, to eliminate the risk of a further breakage, poor yours truly has to dial her phone and do her typing.

The very idea of nail polish, of course, is completely beyond me.

I'll never understand why a girl with too much rouge on her cheeks will be sneered at for splashing on color by a girl whose pale pink nails are an unnaturally vivid scarlet!

And, while I can't quite put my finger on the reason for red fingernails, imagine how some of the current, even more colorful tints affect me (and other blokes).

Gold and silver polishes, for instance. The excuse for them was that girls would wear them at nights to match fancy dresses and ball slippers. Fancy my horror then when I see lasses on the way to work all aglitter as well as a-twitter.

Another perplexing aspect of girls and their nails is the nature of the smear they hold so dear.

Lasses' noses are traditionally highly sensitive. They dislike the smells of alcohol, tobacco, petrol, and dogs. Any bloke will testify to what happens when his girl's nose knows he's been in contact with any of these.

Yet a girl will gladly put up with the pungent pong of nail polish.

Well, I'm just about finished hammering nails. I think I'll return to my usual occupation of kissin' and talon!

— Robin Adair



**TUE DAY
WILD**

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Supplement to The American Weekly January 2, 1954



● Slacks suit in bulky knit designed for after-ski wear (above). The crew-neck sweater has an all-over embroidery trim. The slacks are slim. Winner in the open class wool knits section. Design by Merinda of Melbourne Pty. Ltd.

● Wool achieves the ultimate in elegance in the coat at right. It has kimono sleeves and a luxurious mink collar, and received the supreme award in the Australian Wool Bureau Competition for 1960. Design by Furs Renee Pty. Ltd.





Supreme Wool Fashion Award winner by Furs Renee Pty. Ltd.



Supreme Wool Fabrics Award winner by William Becker Pty. Ltd.

Classic styling wins Supreme Wool Awards...

By International standards good fashion is a combination of simple elegance and quiet good taste . . . good fashion has a well-mannered air that reigns serene day in and day out — ingredients very much to the fore in the choice of the 1960 Supreme Wool Awards by the International judging panel.

At left, a majestic coat of cappuccino wool velour, moonlight mink cuff-collared by Furs Renee Pty. Ltd.
At right, a loosely woven rustic check wool in cigar brown and stone by William Becker Pty. Ltd.

For fine fashion **WOOL's** a natural

GOLD MEDAL FASHIONS

PLAIN and PLAID



● These two skirt designs walked off with fashion honors. Both are classics, proportioned for perfect fit, with trimness plus ease. Good fashion for town, or for a country wardrobe.

● Classic fashion is portrayed in the plaid kilt (right). The fringed fold-over is fastened with two buckles. Winner in the pleated skirts section. Design by Sutex Pty. Ltd.

● Skirt (above) has two sets of permanent fan pleats at the left knee. Winner in the tailored skirts section. Design by Fletcher Jones Skirts Pty. Ltd.



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Illustrated—Peacock Mohair Boucle from Peacock Knitting Book No. 245.

Page 40



By ANNE CUTHBERT

SOMETIMES mothers fail to realise how sensitive children can be about clothes.

All mothers must be thankful that babies, at least, have no personal prejudices or fancies. For many older children begin at an extremely early age to have very definite ideas on the subject, and this raises problems.

How far, for instance, can little girls be allowed to go in choosing their frocks or the material from which they will be made? At what age can a little boy's plea for long trousers be considered reasonable?

When (if ever) should a schoolgirl of any age be allowed to have one pair of high-heeled shoes for party wear?

How long is it reasonable to expect younger brothers and sisters to wear clothes that have been passed on? These are but a few of the questions a parent must face.

Many years ago I remember my youngest brother saying very reproachfully to my mother that although he was eight years old he had never had a new pair of boots, but had always had to wear his elder brother's.

My mother firmly replied that he had had his chance when he was two, when she had bought him a lovely little pair of cloth boots with fur edging and he had screamed himself into hysterics because he could not bear the feel of fur.

She told him the only thing was to outgrow his brother as quickly as possible (which he eventually did).

This incident illustrates two points. First, some young children have an intense dislike, bordering on real fear, for the feel of fur.

It is far better to avoid fur trimmings, and also remove your own fur or fur-trimmed coat before you lift the child up.

Shoes must fit

The second point is much more serious because, in a large family, some of the smaller members may find that they practically never get any new clothes at all.

When, moreover, it is a question of shoes it may even be inadvisable, from the health point of view, to insist upon the transfer, since the children may have feet of quite different shapes, even though the younger child does now require the size that the elder is passing on to her.

The trouble with so many children who are taken to buy shoes is that if they take a fancy to a certain pair they may quite lightly say they fit when, in fact, they do not.

Or they may try to insist upon impossible conditions like one of my own children,

Children like the 'right' clothes

● Forcing a child to wear something she hates or an older sister's "hand-me-down" can cause great unhappiness.



WELL-CUT clothes are always the most comfortable, as well as the most becoming. The jacket-and-skirt outfit (above) is cotton, the pinafore (top left) black velveteen, the coat (top right) tailored tweed.

who, on sitting herself down in the shoe shop, fixed the assistant with a fierce eye and said, "Now, remember they're not to touch me anywhere."

When it comes to frocks and suits and coats and hats mothers may reasonably argue that their own good tastes and the family finances must be allowed some priority over the preferences of the child.

Yet great unhappiness can be caused by making a child wear something that she hates, while, on the other hand, immense pleasure can be given by allowing her to wear some garment which you may not think

entirely appropriate for the occasion, but which your little daughter cherishes.

The curious part about children is that until they are five they appear to have very little desire to look like everybody else, but will often make a passionate plea to go out in some garment from the "dressing-up box" so they can continue to be a pirate, or whatever they have been all morning in play.

It is only when they have been subjected to the tribal laws of school that they feel a need for uniformity, and want shoes, etc., like their friends.

This phase usually lasts till adolescence,



after which the child will begin to show once more her individual taste—which unfortunately may be quite different from her mother's.

I advise mothers (even those whose natural flair for dressing is excellent) to allow as much free play as possible to their children's fancies.

When your daughter's taste is opposed to yours, remember that, as she will take her friends' advice more readily than her mother's, you can sometimes bring indirect pressure to bear by discussing party clothes in a general way with her young friends.

They will be more open to your suggestions than your daughter.

Wanted a man's hat

Boys generally appear to be more concerned with the "grown-up-ness" of their clothes than with their color or material.

I can well remember my dismay when, at the age of fourteen, my son solemnly informed me that he felt he should now have a city-style of man's hat for the holidays.

The thought appalled me!

However, I bought it, since it seemed to mean so much to him, and was deeply thankful when he lost it almost immediately.

But the question of taking on other children's clothes causes the most heartburning to many children.

One unfortunate child of my acquaintance was the third of three sisters, and her mother at one stage had caused to be made nine identical frocks (three for each child).

The youngest child was faced with the prospect of wearing all nine dresses in succession!

It would, of course, be absurd to suggest that all "handing down" is a source of tribulation. Some younger sisters await with real impatience the day when a particularly admired garment will become their own.

Some children prefer "hand-me-downs." They often believe that in wearing an adored elder brother's coat, for instance, they take on his characteristics, too.

Obviously where money is a consideration there must be "hand-me-downs."

When children object mothers could consider whether a winter coat might not look almost new dyed a different color.

Then there is the psychological approach. "If Mary grows at this rate, darling, you will be able to have the pink-and-white frock next summer" may help to make a child look forward to having the frock as her own.

Finally, let no mother delude herself into thinking that her children's clothes have no other duty than to keep them warm.

Pretty clothes can make a child happy. So can clothes which children feel are "right."

They may, of course, feel absolutely right in the most disastrous garments, but mothers must keep an eye on this, remembering that their dress sense will improve.

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£2000 CONTEST

"Happiest Day"

● An aboriginal mother whose happiest day was when her eldest child passed the Intermediate, is one of this week's winners of £10 progress prizes. Another mother, and two fathers, also won £10.

THE winners' names, and their letters, are published below.

"FELT LIKE DANCING"

A £10 progress prize to Mrs. Ellena Ballangarry, Eungai Creek, North-Coast, N.S.W.

"First let me say that I am an aboriginal mother with eight in my family.

"I had six children going to school last year, the eldest sitting for her Intermediate, and anyone with a family like mine will understand what it cost me to keep my children at school.

"As the exams drew near everyone in our place was as excited as could be, each wondering if he (or she) would pass.

"Out of the six, two came first in their classes, one passed to go to high school this year, another passed to go on to third year; one little fellow didn't have good marks, so will only 'go up' on trial.

"I was very proud of my family, I can tell you, but my happiest day came when our

local paper printed the Intermediate results.

"No one could possibly know the joy I felt when I saw my daughter's name on the list.

"I felt like shouting, I felt like dancing, but instead I said a silent prayer of thanks.

"I did not have much schooling, and to think my daughter got so far is too wonderful for words."

AT TABLE TOGETHER

A £10 progress prize to Mrs. G. Horan, Flemington Street, Hendra, Qld.

"My happiest day was when World War II was over and I had my daughter and three sons home again.

"To have them all sitting around my table for our first meal together after the war years was a great joy.

"I thanked God for answering my prayers and sending them safe and well home to me... I never knew such happiness."

"I TIPS ME 'AT"

A £10 progress prize to Mr. John McKenzie, Brede Street, Geraldton, W.A.

"Once upon a time, as a confirmed bachelor of 34 years of age, I married a widow with three young children.

"I legally adopted her children, and through all the years they were never told that I wasn't their father.

"About 18 months after our marriage, my wife presented me with a son, making my family, Betty (5), June (4), Donald (3), and John.

"Life went on in a quiet even way until the eve of Donald's majority, when it was necessary to inform him of his real parentage.

"Since I was away on business, my wife took on the

task of telling him, and I, quite naturally, was rather apprehensive, for Don had always been rather reticent and undemonstrative.

"I arrived back, unavoidably late, while celebrations were in progress, but in time to present the traditional key and wish him well.

"He made a very polished response to the toast, evidently memorised beforehand, paused for a moment, while his eyes found mine, held his glass high, and lapsed into the vernacular.

"'Dad,' he said, 'I tips me 'at to yer!'

"Not much, but it made me the happiest of the 60 or 70 people gathered there."

MOTHERS' PRIZES

GIRLS WERE "TERRIBLE"

£5 is awarded to Mrs. Pearl I. Sitters, Marhull Street, Elizabeth Grove, South Australia, who wrote:

"'Gee, Mum, isn't she tiny?' Those words made me the happiest mother that ever lived.

"I had a son aged 14, and a daughter aged 10, when, after a 10-year interval, I gave birth to a tiny baby girl.

"When the other children knew I was going to have a baby, they were at a stage when they both wanted exactly the opposite to one another, just to argue.

"My son I was more worried about, for at fourteen he was going through the stage when he thought he 'knew everything,' and was cheeky and moody.

"His attitude was that if it was a girl it wouldn't be any good, as girls were terrible.

"When my baby was born, I nearly lost my life, and when it was time to leave hospital, I was a bundle of nerves.

"I felt that I couldn't stand

my other children's petty arguments, or anything else.

"As I reached home, both children were waiting outside to see the new baby for the first time.

"My son was the first to speak and said, 'It's good to have you home, Mum. Perhaps we'll have a good cooked meal for a change.'

"My daughter kissed and hugged me, but she really only had eyes for the baby, who, she thought, was a little angel.

"My son hadn't looked at the baby until this moment. I watched his every expression, knowing whatever he said about her I'd remember to my dying day.

"His face, as I watched it, seemed to lose that cheeky, know-all look, and an expression came on his face I've never seen before, and probably never will again.

"He looked at me and uttered those five little words, which I'll never forget, 'Gee, Mum, isn't she tiny?'

"Baby is over two now, and my son over sixteen, but there is a bond between them that no one can break—it's just a simple little word called love."

FATHERS' PRIZES

SON SAVED FOR PARENTS

A £10 progress prize to Mr. Reginald Monkhouse, J.P., Gibson Street, Bunbury, W.A.

"The happiest day of my life began without my knowing, some seven years ago when, because the type of education was not available on the spot, we sent our 12-year-old son away to college.

"We got by, but it was a struggle with little left for clubs, cocktails, or Cadillacs.

"After doing his Junior and Leaving, our son found his own job in Perth. He had small wages and lived modestly.

"We wondered. Had he been caught in the web of

frugality which had been forced on us?

"Two years after commencing employment, he came home one day, and, addressing his mother and me, tossed down a Savings Bank book.

"Hesitantly I picked it up and looked at the credit balance. It was nearly £200.

"Mum and Dad, I knew the sacrifices you made to send me to college.

"From the day I started work I vowed I would save £2 per week, and I've done so. Now I want you both to travel by air to the places you both so much want to see."

"I could have wept with gratitude, and Mother did.

"Though son had set his heart on a car when he was 21, he was prepared to do this for us. We thanked him as best we could, and told him to keep it for his car."

HOW TO ENTER

THE prizes will be awarded to the letters the judges consider to be the best entries.

Entrants who are mothers can win a first prize of £500, and fathers a first prize of £250.

Progress prizes of £10 will be awarded each week. The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the £500 and £250 prizes.

Mothers must address entries "Mother's Happiest Day," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Fathers must send entries endorsed "Father's Happiest Day" to the same address.

All entries close on March 7.

The purpose of the contest is to mark, for our readers, the birth of the Queen's third baby.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies, and members of their families, are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges. No correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

● Write and tell us, in no more than 500 words, about your happiest day as a mother or a father.

THE PRIZES

FOR MOTHERS

First Prize	£500
Second Prize	£250
Six prizes of £100	£600
Five prizes of £50	£250
10 progress prizes of £10	£100

FOR FATHERS

First Prize	£250
Five progress prizes of £10	£50

GRAND TOTAL

£5 will be paid for any other entry published.

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NOTHING BEATS NEW RINSO's RICHER SOFTER SUDS

For extra whiteness, extra brightness



HOW'S THIS FOR WHITENESS!...

"What an eye-opener it is," Mrs. K. H. Read, of Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W., tells her mother. "It must be the New Rinso that made such a difference to the whiteness of all my wash." New Rinso will give your wash the same amazing whiteness Mrs. Read found in hers.

Take a good look at the results New Rinso gives you . . . whiter, more brilliant whites,

a fresh new "lift" to your coloured clothes. You've never seen anything like it! You see, there's a new surging, searching cleaning action in the famous Rinso suds that no other washing product has.

Your clothes fairly glisten with cleanliness. Yet those suds are extra gentle, so rich and soft they can't hurt the most delicate fabric — or roughen your hands.



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2. Then relax. Sit down... put your feet up and rest for a while!
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Take a "Bayer Break" next time you feel head-
 achy, worn down, tense and irritable from the
 hot sun and high humidity. See for yourself, how,
 in just a few minutes, you can feel like a new
 person!



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Preparing for motherhood

When a child is

By Sister MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft nurse

● Last week I described the three types of breath-
 ing a mother-to-be should practise daily and learn
 to control during labor. To master her breathing
 successfully a woman needs an intelligent idea of
 how a baby gets itself born in a normal labor.

SHE should know a
 little about the won-
 derful mechanism of labor.

Labor is divided into three
 stages. A mother-to-be should
 learn what to do and how to
 control her breathing in each
 of these stages.

The part of the womb in
 which her baby is growing and
 developing is known as the
 uterus. It can best be described
 as a strong, pear-shaped, elas-
 tic, muscular bag, the wide
 part being called the body of
 the uterus and the narrow
 lower "stalk" end the cervix or
 neck.

It is a small organ low
 down in the pelvis before preg-
 nancy—smaller than your
 closed fist. But the elastic
 muscle fibres of the walls of
 the uterus thin out and grow
 and stretch to the size of the
 rapidly growing baby (foetus
 as it is then called) and the
 other contents of the uterus.

It rises about the fourth
 month out of the pelvis into
 the abdomen, where it has
 more room to grow and stretch
 as the baby grows.

Protected from jolts, jars

The uterus does not only
 contain the baby. Other struc-
 tures from the time of con-
 ception are growing and devel-
 oping with it, and without
 these the baby could not live
 and grow.

The muscular bag is lined
 with a skin bag (or membran-
 ous sac), and this becomes
 filled with fluid, which per-
 mits the baby to grow and
 move freely in it. It also
 protects him from jolts and
 jars that would otherwise in-
 jure some of the thousands and
 thousands of delicate cells
 building the various tissues of
 his wonderful little body.

The fluid is therefore both
 a protection and shock absor-
 ber; it also keeps the growing
 baby in an even body tem-
 perature.

The membranous sac con-
 taining it grows from a struc-
 ture known as the placenta,
 which is attached to the inner
 muscular wall of the uterus,
 usually in the upper half.

A cord called the umbilical
 or navel cord also grows from
 the middle of the placenta and
 is attached to the baby's navel.
 Except for this connection the
 baby is free to move about and

exercise freely in the fluid-
 filled sac.

The placenta is a wonderful
 and a vital structure, for with-
 out a placenta there would be
 no baby.

After the baby is born,
 when it is no longer needed, it
 forms the biggest part of what
 is then known as the after-
 birth.

It contains thousands of
 blood vessels because more
 blood is sent to the uterus
 during pregnancy than at any
 other time, for the baby is
 built from materials carried to
 it by the mother's bloodstream.

The uterus is the important
 meeting place of the mother's
 blood and the baby's, for blood
 enters it from the mother's
 circulatory system, and blood
 comes to it from the baby's.

As the mother's blood passes
 through the countless tiny
 blood vessels it gives up to the
 baby's the oxygen without
 which the baby could not live
 and grow, and also the nour-
 ishment which the mother's
 bloodstream has carried from
 her digestive system.

Hence the importance of
 breathing properly during
 pregnancy to fill the lungs with
 oxygen-laden air; and of hav-
 ing a nutritious, well-balanced
 diet which will build good
 bone and flesh tissues to create
 a perfect little body.

The baby's blood circulat-
 ing in the placenta gives up to
 the mother's blood those
 things it wants to get rid of—
 certain poisonous and waste
 substances caused by the
 chemical process of body-
 building.

As the unborn baby's excre-
 tory organs are not function-
 ing, the mother's blood must

carry away these waste mat-
 ters. This is why her kidneys—
 those two little organs that fil-
 ter out much of this waste
 matter—have more work to do
 in pregnancy.

That is why the doctor asks
 for a specimen of urine each
 time she visits him.

**He wants to check up on
 how the kidneys are standing
 up to this extra work.**

The blood is carried from
 the placenta to the baby and
 back again by three blood
 vessels that pass through the
 cord connecting the baby to
 the placenta.

Separate bloodstreams

The blood enters the baby
 through the navel, and its
 little heart pumps the blood
 through its circulatory system.

It is interesting to note that
 the mother's blood and the
 baby's do not mingle. None
 of her blood enters the baby's
 body, neither does the baby's
 blood enter her circulation.

A knowledge of the facts
 I have outlined helps a
 mother-to-be to have a more
 intelligent idea about the
 birth of the coming baby.

She should also know, be-
 fore the baby is due, that in
 the three stages of labor the
 muscles of the uterus are con-
 tracting to do something dif-
 ferent in each stage.

Stage 1. The uterus is open-
 ing itself and the narrow cer-
 vix (neck) is gradually being
 stretched and raised, i.e., it is
 being slowly dilated. When it
 is fully dilated there is room
 for the baby to pass safely
 down the birth canal and be
 born.

The first stage is the long-
 est, and lasts a number of
 hours varying with different
 mothers. With a second and
 third baby it can be much
 shorter.

Stage 2. The uterus is
 emptying itself. It is getting
 rid of the baby. The time has
 now come when Nature re-
 quires the baby to live its own
 separate little life, for the
 mother's blood can no longer
 supply it with enough oxygen
 or with enough nourishment
 for its further growth.

The breaking of the waters
 usually occurs at the beginning
 of the second stage or towards
 the end of the first stage. The
 skin bag holding the water is
 subjected to great pressure and
 splits, and the water lubri-
 cates the birth-canal and helps
 in the birth of the baby.

(Sometimes this happens be-
 fore labor begins and is the
 first sign of approaching labor.
 This is not so good, for if all
 the water is lost it may mean
 a "dry" birth.)

The second stage, during
 which the mother really has
 to work hard (hence the word
 labor), is very much shorter
 than the first, the average
 time of this stage for a first
 baby being perhaps an hour
 or less—although it could take
 rather longer.

A welcome respite

Stage 3. The uterus empties
 itself of the structures re-
 maining behind after the baby
 is born. These are known as
 the afterbirth, and include the
 placenta, the rest of the cord
 (which was cut after the baby
 was born, leaving a stump
 about 1½ in. long still attached
 to the baby's navel), and the
 torn skin bag.

These structures, so vital
 to the developing baby, are
 now quite useless and must be
 expelled completely.

There is usually an interval
 of ten to twenty minutes
 (sometimes longer) before the
 afterbirth is expelled, during
 which the mother has a blessed
 respite from the big contrac-
 tions of the actual birth. Then,
 with a few more contractions
 (or pushing pains), the uterus
 empties itself and the birth
 cycle is complete.

Complete control of breath-
 ing, especially in the first and
 second stages, is the mother's

"LIES" AREN'T DELIBERATE

● How unpleasant it is to hear someone
 say that a child tells lies. A child seldom
 does, but he finds it difficult to know the
 real from the unreal.

Don't ever put a child on the spot if
 you want to know about something that
 has happened.

Say "Why did you do it?" not "Did you
 do it?" This way you will soon find out.

If he says, "There is a lion outside," tell
 him, "That is a big dog. Lions live in the
 jungle."—Ethel Lakeman, supervisor of
 nursery schools for the Sydney Day Nursery
 Schools Association.

born



Mothers can help doctor and nurse

most important job, and it needs concentration. This is good, as it keeps her mind occupied.

From the fourth month onwards she should have set aside some time every day for the conscientious practice of breath-control and other simple but important pre-natal exercises. If she has not done this she will find it difficult to relax during labor.

Now consult the descriptions and diagrams of the breathing exercises in *The Australian Women's Weekly* in the issue of March 2.

Stage 1: Use the deep abdominal breathing during the whole of this stage, breathing easily and steadily between the contractions (i.e. labor pains), but taking bigger breaths as the contractions get bigger and last longer, so that your breath lasts out (or "fits") the pain.

The abdominal muscles are thus lifted away from the contracting muscles of the uterus, which are just beneath your abdominal muscles, so that the

mother does not get the full strength of the pain.

She should take a big, deep breath, and then breathe out very slowly. If she tenses herself, and tightens the abdominal muscles during a pain, she will soon feel how much bigger and harder the pain is than when she is relaxed for the duration of the pain by thus controlling the breath.

The need to relax

(Several mothers who have attended our classes have later told me that they have proved to themselves the value of this relaxing breathing by making this experiment during a contraction.)

If a mother can't relax, but tenses herself every time the uterus contracts, she will slow down the opening of the cervix and make the first stage longer than it need be.

Stage 2. The character of the pains now changes, and

the mother feels the difference. The muscles of the uterus are now contracting to push the baby down the birth canal, the door (cervix) being now wide open. If there is no obstruction the baby will soon be born.

As the second stage progresses the pushing pains become bigger and stronger, making the mother feel that she has to bear down during the pain, and thus help the uterus to expel the baby.

The doctor or sister will tell her what position to get into, and how to bear down at this stage, and how to relax and rest in the interval between these contractions.

A mother who has practised the special breath-control for this stage will co-operate with the doctor and those helping, and make things much easier for them and herself.

Panic at this time makes things far more difficult, and when there is complete ignorance about how a baby gets born, breath-control, and with it self-control, can be lost.

Both the other types of breathing described last week (rib breathing and sternal breathing) are now used.

Quick, panting breaths

When the mother feels one of the big pushing pains coming she takes a very big chest breath, expanding the ribs. As she bears down she must hold this breath for the duration of the pain, so needs to fill the lungs with as much air as she can.

As soon as the contraction has ended she must relax. As she has been perhaps holding her breath for half a minute or more, her blood needs oxygen urgently, so she uses sternal breathing (a quick panting breath through the open mouth) to get the needed oxygen quickly.

As soon as this is done and she is relaxed, she breathes normally, for to pant for too long would make the throat very dry.

Labor pains are intermit-

tent, which means there is always an interval, however short, between them.

If the doctor thinks the baby's head is coming down too quickly and may cause a tear in the pelvic floor, he may ask the mother to do the panting breath during a pain instead of bearing down.

Mothers should remember that the doctor and nurse are doing all they can to help, if she will only co-operate. If she has difficulty in relaxing, she will be given trileine or something else to help her.

However, many who have practised breath-control are often able to relax without this help—but it is there if needed.

Stage 3. Breath-control in the third stage is much the same as in the second. After having completed their big job of expelling the baby the muscles of the uterus rest for a short interval (probably 10 to 15 minutes, perhaps longer).

Meantime the mother can lie back happily and peacefully, knowing her baby has arrived safely.

The placenta has now separated and is lying loose in the uterus, and soon the muscles again contract to expel it.

A wonderful experience

This means a few more pains, but not such big ones, as it is not such a big job to expel the afterbirth.

The control of breathing is much the same as in Stage 2, for these are pushing pains.

The birth cycle is now complete. Labor has ended.

A tired but radiantly happy mother, who has just had the thrilling experience of a natural birth, hears her baby's first cry, and holds his wonderful little warm body in her arms before he is taken away to be cleaned and dressed.

She is made comfortable. She is ready for something to eat and a well-earned rest and sleep before welcoming again, with her waiting husband, the new little life which has so miraculously been born.



**Doubly smooth – the filter tip
plus the extra length**



Compare the length

Any King Size is a better smoke than any short cigarette because the extra length travels the smoke further, makes it cooler, milder, gives extra flavour and satisfaction.



Compare the tobacco

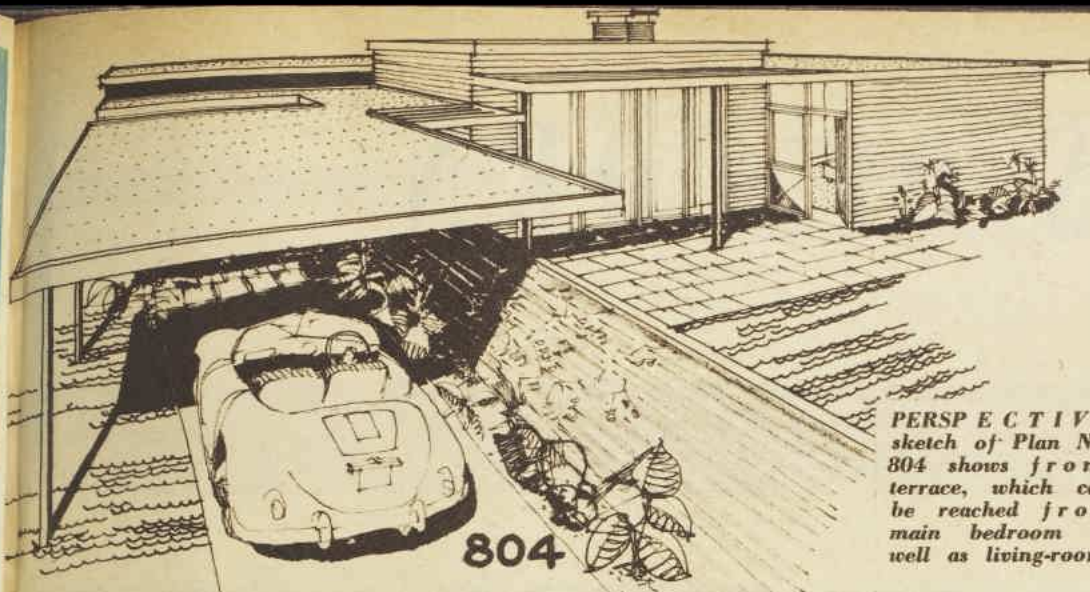
The best tobaccos give you the best smoke, and Rothmans is famous for paying top prices, year after year, at tobacco auctions where the world's best leaf is offered for sale.



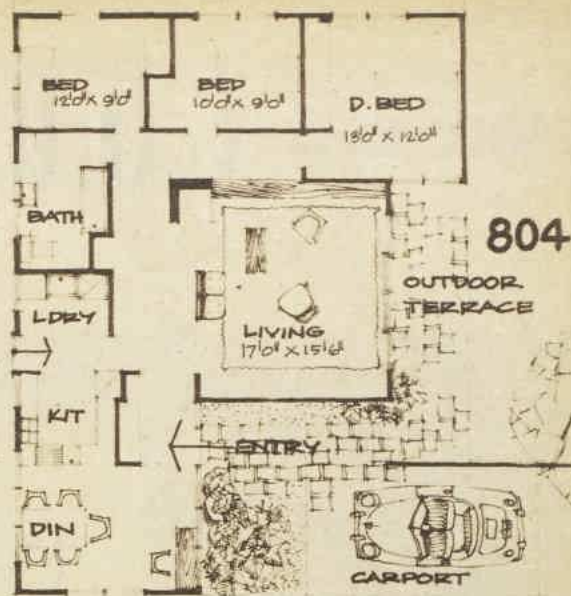
Compare the filter

5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give perfect filtration and to enhance the fine smooth flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

Rothmans King Size really satisfies



PERSPECTIVE sketch of Plan No. 804 shows front terrace, which can be reached from main bedroom as well as living-room.



FLOOR PLAN of design No. 804. The three bedrooms are situated in one wing. Laundry and kitchen are conveniently placed next to each other.

Designed for sloping site

● This contemporary home has been specially designed for land which has a slight fall. Built in brick, it covers an area of 13 squares and is 55ft. wide. In timber it measures slightly less.

OUR home plan this week is No. 804 in our new series and has been designed by Melbourne architects Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack.

Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose

addresses are given in the panel at right.

Our Centres are staffed by experienced personnel who will advise you on any aspect of home planning or building.

Our standard home plans are suitable for all building materials and the designs can be built with flat or pitched roofs and in contemporary or conventional styles.

Design No. 804, illustrated on this page, has the kitchen and dining areas arranged to give spacious working accommodation.

The three bedrooms are situated in one wing with easy access to the bathroom.

The main bedroom has a door leading on to the outdoor terrace.

This pleasant terrace and

entry adjoin the living-room.

The laundry is next to the kitchen and the bathroom, so all the plumbing in the house is centrally situated.

The architects have designed this house for a slightly sloping site with narrow frontage. Its clear, clean lines give an impression of width. It allows for comfortable family living, with the main room measuring 17ft. by 15ft. 6in.

With minimum finish it would cost approximately £4300; maximum finish, £5000. For more accurate costing please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page and all other standard home plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in the following stores:

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium (interviews by appointment).

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Please send all mail to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's (interviews by appointment).

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

Frank talk on a hush-hush subject

Read this—and never be embarrassed by perspiration again!



Everyone perspires... it's natural... BUT—

that's no excuse to take risks with precious personal daintiness! **Everyone** needs the gentle, but effective, deodorant protection of **ARRID**... to be sure.

Be sure of your freshness all day long, with 3-way Arrid protection against embarrassing perspiration. So gently, but so effectively, **ARRID** checks perspiration, stops perspiration odours, and protects the delicate fabrics of your clothes. And remember! This is a "hush-hush" subject that concerns **men**, too!



A daily bath or shower is not enough...

A daily shower is only the **first** step towards personal daintiness. For **complete** day-long protection against perspiration embarrassment, use **ARRID** daily.



Choose **ARRID CREAM**, **ROLL-ON**, OR **SUPER-SPRAY**. Fluffy white **ARRID CREAM** leaves underarms dry, soft and fresh. Medium 3/9, Large 5/10.

Gentle **ARRID ROLL-ON** deodorant lotion contains soothing lanolin. In the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator, 7/6. Also get Arrid protection with **ARRID SUPER-SPRAY**—in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle... 6/11.



Excitement and anxiety can cause perspiration, too.

Right through the year—in every season—you experience "emotional" perspiration. Don't spoil happy moments with embarrassing doubts—use **ARRID** every day.



BE SURE OF YOUR FRESHNESS... SURE OF YOURSELF... WITH GENTLE **ARRID** PROTECTION.

COBS OF CORN

FRESH corn is usually eaten piping hot straight from the cob, with a lavish spread of butter and a sprinkling of salt and pepper, as a rich and hearty accompaniment to family meals. Try these recipes for using cobs of corn in different ways.

Most housewives cannot get cobs of corn freshly picked, when it is at its very best. Therefore, they should keep the cobs in a cool place in their husks until required.

To remove corn kernels from cob, hold each cob upright on a wooden chopping board covered with a sheet of waxed paper or aluminium foil and slice downward two or three rows at a time. Do not cut too deep into the husks. Hold cob over measuring cup, press out any remaining pulp and milk with back of knife.

Before cooking cobs of corn, remove the husks and silk and trim the stem end. Plunge cobs into boiling water and cook 10 to 15 minutes, according to their size and age. Add salt at the last three minutes of cooking time. If added earlier, the salt tends to toughen the corn.

Drain well before serving; spread generously with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper; or serve cooked corn stripped from cob and topped with a pat of butter and seasoned with salt and pepper.

In the following recipes all spoon measurements are level, and the standard eight liquid ounce cup measure is used.

Quantities given are sufficient for six persons.

CORN-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Six pork chops cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, 1 cup cooked corn cut from cob, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, fat for baking, 2 tablespoons flour.

Have pockets cut in the chops. Combine corn, salt, pepper, melted butter, breadcrumbs, celery, and parsley. Fill into pockets in chops, sew up with coarse thread (leaving an end to pull thread out after cooking), or fasten with cocktail sticks. Coat with flour and paprika. Brown on both sides in hot fat. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, cover and cook over low heat one hour or omit water and bake in moderate oven.

GOLDEN CORN PUDDING

Two cups corn kernels (cut from 2 or 3 ears uncooked corn), 2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Combine corn, beaten eggs, and seasonings in greased shallow casserole dish. Stir in scalded milk and butter or substitute. Set dish in pan with 1-inch depth of hot water in it. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean.

CORN ZUCCHINI BAKE

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 6 small zucchini (washed and cut in thin slices), 1 small onion (chopped), 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rosemary, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1lb. chopped tomatoes, 2 cups corn kernels (cut from 2 or 3 ears uncooked corn), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or substitute in frying pan; add zucchini, saute 5 minutes, remove from pan. Melt remaining butter or substitute in pan, saute

onion 5 minutes, remove pan from heat. Blend in flour, rosemary, salt, and pepper, stir in tomatoes. Return to heat, stir until boiling. Simmer 5 minutes. Arrange alternate layers of zucchini, tomato-sauce mixture, and corn in greased casserole dish. Top with breadcrumbs and cheese mixed together. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until crumbs are golden-brown.

BREAKFAST CORN CAKES

Six cobs corn, 2 small eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, butter or substitute for frying.

Slit corn kernels by drawing sharp pointed knife lengthwise through middle of each row. Press out only the soft pulp and milk from husks with back of knife. Do not scrape cob because this loosens husks. (There should be approx. 1 cup.) Beat eggs until thickened and stir in corn pulp, salt, and pepper. Drop one tablespoon of mixture at a time on to hot greased griddle-iron or hot-plate. Cook until tops look dry; turn and brown lightly on other side. Continue cooking in this manner until all mixture is used. Serve on heated plates with sausages and crisp bacon.

HOME-POPPED CORN

Half cup popping corn, 1oz. solid type white shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Heat shortening in large saucepan until faint blue haze rises. Add corn and salt, cover with fitting saucepan lid and shake constantly over heat. Corn will begin to pop within one minute and popping will be completed 1 to 2 minutes later, depending on heat control. When corn has finished popping, remove from heat and fill into serving dishes; discard any unpopped corn. Can be stored in airtight containers.

Savory Pop Corn Variations

- Place 3 cups home-popped corn in large basin, pour over 2oz. melted butter which has been combined with 1 clove crushed garlic. Shake well to mix.
- Add 2oz. melted butter to 3 cups freshly popped corn. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely grated Parmesan or other tasty cheese; mix well.
- Add 2oz. melted butter to 3 cups home-popped corn, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon celery salt and add 1 small grated onion. Shake thoroughly to mix.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR

● Cobs of corn are best known as a delicious, nourishing vegetable, but they can also be used to make many other interesting dishes.

NEW-STYLE SALAD MEDLEY

Three pounds potatoes, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup cooked corn kernels (from 1 or 2 corn cobs), 2 chopped tomatoes, 2 chopped onions, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), salt, pepper, mayonnaise, lettuce.

Peel potatoes, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and allow to cool slightly, chop into small cubes; chill. Combine vinegar, sugar, parsley, peas, celery, corn, tomatoes, onion, chopped egg, salt and pepper; mix well. Fold in chilled potato and sufficient mayonnaise to bind well together. Pile into salad bowl lined with crisp lettuce, chill until required.

CORN SUPPER CREME

Six rashers bacon, 1 onion (thinly sliced), 2 cups cooked corn kernels, 1 cup diced cooked potatoes (optional), 1 in condensed cream of mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Fry bacon in pan until crisp. Remove from pan, add onion slices and saute until lightly browned. Add corn, potatoes, mushroom soup, milk, and seasonings. Bring almost to boil, reduce heat and simmer 1 or 2 minutes. Fill into deep serving bowl, sprinkle crumbled bacon on top.

HERBED CORN EARS

Six cobs corn (husks and silky fibre removed), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon dried rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried marjoram, salt, pepper.

Spread corn with mixture of creamed butter and herbs. Wrap each cob in aluminum foil, place in shallow baking dish. Bake in very hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper before serving.

BAKED VEGETABLE MIX

Half a cauliflower (broken into chunky flowerets), 1 cup kernel corn (stripped from 1 or 2 cobs), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried breadcrumbs, 1 egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, salt and pepper to taste.

Cook cauliflower in boiling salted water until tender (do not overcook); drain and place in greased casserole dish. Add corn, sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the breadcrumbs

into mixture. Beat egg and milk, salt and pepper. Fold into cauliflower and corn mixture, sprinkle remainder of breadcrumbs on top, bake in moderately hot oven until set. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and serve piping hot. If desired, grated cheese or thin slices of tomato can be placed on top of breadcrumbs for added flavor.

SAVORY CORN SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup corn kernels (from 1 or 2 cobs), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over low heat 2 minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens; simmer further 3 minutes. Add salt, cayenne, corn, cheese, and onion and allow mixture to cool. Stir in beaten egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold into cooled mixture. Pour into ungreased 3-pint souffle dish; insert knife blade lin. in from edge and cut circle in mixture. This gives the "top hat" effect when cooked. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve immediately.

FRIED CORN WITH SOUR CREAM SAUCE

Three cups cooked kernel corn (from 3 or 4 cobs corn), 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup chopped red and green pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup thick sour cream, pinch pepper.

Fry corn in 2 tablespoons butter or substitute until golden and tender; drain on kitchen paper and keep hot. Melt remaining butter or substitute in saucepan, add peppers and onion and cook over low heat, stirring frequently until tender. Add flour and mix well. Add sour cream and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange corn on heated platter, pour over prepared sauce and serve garnished with parsley.

CORN-STUFFED TOMATOES

Six large ripe tomatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked kernel corn (stripped from 2 or 3 cooked cobs), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed pickles, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons french dressing or mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cubed cooked or tinned ham.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from top of each, scoop out centre pulp. Season with salt and pepper, invert and drain well. Combine corn, pickles, peppers, onions, salt, pepper, vinegar, and dressing; mix well. Just before serving fold in cubed ham. Spoon into tomato cases and serve.

CORN-AND-BACON FRITTERS

Two cups corn kernels (stripped from 2 or 3 cooked cobs), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sauteed bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Combine corn, bacon, and parsley in mixing-bowl. Add beaten eggs, then fold in sifted flour, salt, pepper, and baking powder. Mix well, making a stiff dropping consistency. Drop one dessertspoonful at a time into 1-inch deep fuming fat or oil. When brown underneath turn to brown other side. Drain, serve hot.

Variations

- Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated or coarsely shredded tasty cheese to the ingredients.
- Omit 1 egg from the recipe and substitute 2 tablespoons tomato sauce and 1 tablespoon milk to make up the liquid quantity.
- Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped shallots or white onion to give an extra savory flavor.



*"Do-it-yourself" hands
need NIVEA*

MOISTURISING care

The hands of the "do-it-yourself" girl of today need very special care. Household chores are hard on the hands, causing loss of natural oils and moisture that are so essential to a fresh healthy skin. These lost oils and moisture are replaced by regular use of Nivea. Nivea contains Eucerite which absorbs moisture and carries it deep into the skin tissues where it can do the most good, keeping your hands soft, gentle and healthy. For lovely hands always, use Nivea daily.



SKIN needs NIVEA
the moisturising cream

**SEE WHAT YOU
CAN DO WITH...**

JELLIES

*a little hint
for you to try!*

RASPBERRY CREAM

1 packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 large tin unsweetened evaporated milk. Dissolve jelly in hot water to make up to 1 pint—if necessary stand in a basin of hot water to dissolve completely. Cool. Add milk. Place in a mould or bowl.

A QUICK TRICK

To set various ingredients in jelly, let the jelly thicken very slightly and pour over the ingredients arranged in position, or add the ingredients to the thickening jelly, placing them in position with the aid of a fork or a skewer.

inserted by DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED
in the interests of JELLY MANUFACTURERS



Mustard Contest



Below are the three final progress prizes of £5 each in our £1235 Mustard Contest, which is closing on March 9.

THREE £5 progress prizes have been awarded weekly throughout this successful contest, in which we invited readers to send in recipes featuring a standard dry household mustard as an ingredient.

From more than 20,000 recipes received, our panel of judges are selecting and testing recipes for the big major prizes in the contest.

The major prizewinners will be announced in our March 30 issue.

Included in the prize list is the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections of the contest. There are also first prizes of £100 in each section.

All recipes received until noon on March 9 will be opened and judged, so there is still time to enter the contest.

Send in a recipe or recipes in which a standard household mustard is an ingredient. It can be used dry or mixed, according to the contestant's own method.

Write your recipe or recipes clearly, using a separate sheet of paper for each one, attach your name and address (including State) to each sheet, mark the recipe according to the section in which it is entered, and send it to:

Mustard Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

SECTION 1

Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), soups.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Hook, 12 Young Street, Port Augusta, S.A., for:

ICED TOMATO AND HORSE RADISH SOUP

Four large tomatoes, 1 onion (diced), 1 small carrot (diced), 3 stalks celery (finely sliced), 1 cup butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, pinch fresh or dried thyme, 4 cups vegetable stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon horseradish sauce, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard.

Peel and chop tomatoes coarsely, cook onions, carrots, and celery in butter until golden brown. Add tomatoes and cook 5 minutes longer. Add parsley and thyme, and moisten with a little of the stock. Put lid on pan and simmer 20 minutes, add seasonings, and press through sieve. Add remainder of stock and chill. Before serving, stir in horseradish sauce and mustard.

SECTION 2

Spreads, Savories, and Canapes.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Massingham, 8 Normurra Ave., Turramurra, N.S.W., for:

FROSTY FRUIT SQUARES

THIS recipe for a luscious frozen fruit dessert wins the £5 prize in our regular cookery contest. Spoon measurements are level.

Two tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup honey, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 small tin fruit salad, 1 cup sliced bananas, 1 cup diced peeled orange, 1 cup chopped maraschino cherries, 1 cup whipped cream or evaporated milk.

Place sugar, flour, and honey in saucepan, place over low heat and bring to boil, stirring constantly; simmer 1 minute. Beat lemon juice and egg together, stir into honey mixture. Return to heat, stir until mixture boils. Remove from heat, allow to cool. When quite cold, add fruits and lastly fold in cream. Pour mixture into refrigerator tray, freeze until firm. Cut into squares, top with extra whipped cream, and decorate with glace cherries just before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Andrews, 2 Moorland Ave., Beverly, S.A.

COCKTAIL TARTLETTS

One pound shortcrust pastry, 1 lb. cheese slices, 1 quantity of mustard-tomato jelly, 1 lb. shelled prawns.

Make small tart-cases, using your favorite shortcrust pastry recipe; prick cases well to prevent rising in centre. Bake tarts in hot oven until golden, and when cool place square of sliced cheese in bottom of each one. Then fill with mustard-tomato jelly (spoon jelly carefully into cases when it is on point of setting). In centre of each little tart place a shelled prawn, and leave until jelly is set firmly.

Mustard - Tomato Jelly: Three-quarters pint tinned tomato juice, 1 pint water, 1 small onion, 1 rasher bacon, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 2 1/2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt.

Choose a lean rasher of bacon, discard all fat, and chop meat finely. Chop onion. Cook both gently together in small saucepan with the 1 pint water for 10 minutes. Strain liquid into bowl, add the

HOME HINT

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. L. Fransden, Flat 8, 32 Marne St., South Yarra, Vic., for the following hint:

A quick and easy way to clean tarnished silverware and remove egg-stains from spoons and forks is to wet a laundry blue-bag and rub it over the tarnish and stains. Then polish with a soft cloth.

If you have a useful hint, send it to Home Hints, Box 4068 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every hint used.

brown sugar, celery salt, and mustard mixed smooth with vinegar. Blend and add gelatine, which has been soaked in some of the tomato juice. Stir over heat until gelatine is completely dissolved. Add remainder of tomato juice, add salt to taste. Put aside to cool.

SECTION 3

Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mixed mustard.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Humphris, 28 Morven Street, Mornington, Vic., for:

DRIED PRUNE CHUTNEY

Two pounds prunes, 1 lb. green apples, 1 lb. green tomatoes, 3 large onions, 1 lb. raisins, 1 oz. ground ginger, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. salt, 2 teaspoons mustard, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 3 pints vinegar, 1 teaspoon cloves.

Soak prunes overnight. Wash and drain; remove stones. Chop apples and onions into small pieces, and slice tomatoes. Place all ingredients into preserving-pan and cook 2 to 3 hours, stirring occasionally. Test a little on saucer, and if there are no watery particles it is ready. Bottle, seal, and store.

Continuing ... ROAD TO SOMEWHERE

[from page 21]

"The trouble with being young," Wallaby said slowly, "is you can never look back at anything, an' you never have enough sense to look forward."

"Drop it," Pete snapped. Wallaby watched him carefully, then shrugged. "There's just one thing I want to say. There's nothing poorer in this country than a footloose white man. You think those naked blacks are poor. But at least they've got their families."

His words hit Pete like spears. He flared with anger. Bitter phrases came to his lips, but something in Alick Martin's eyes stopped them. Something Pete had never seen in them before. A sadness, a tiredness.

"Maybe after this job I'll settle down somewhere," he said lamely.

"I told myself that once," Wallaby said. "She wasn't waiting when I come back."

He turned and stalked away. Pete watched him all the way to camp, his mind in turmoil, for in all their time together Wallaby had never as much as hinted at another life.

He felt churned up inside, concerned for Wallaby and uncertain for himself. But when at last he sauntered back to

camp, a camp packed to move, he felt the old excitement coming back.

It was somewhere after midnight when he heard the thunder, a vast cannonade of it to the westward. But the storm was miles away.

Then somebody was shaking him awake. "Pete ... Pete ... Wallaby's voice, cold and sharp as a skinning-knife. "The creek's down."

Pete leaped up from his blankets. Everything was hidden in the blackness of pre-dawn, but he didn't need to see. He could hear the roaring rush of water in Chinaman Creek.

"All out! All out!" Wallaby kept shouting, and one by one the dark shapes of sleeping men lifted off the ground, grumbling and cursing. Then somebody started up a truck. Headlights leaped out and the truck swung around to face the creek.

The water was right to the top of the bank, raging along with all the fury of a cloudburst at its back. And all at once Pete was gripped by a fear for Kendall and her father.

"Get that blasted truck

turned around," Wallaby yelled. "We're movin' out."

Pete grabbed him by an arm. "You can't leave now. The Ridleys might need help."

The old man stiffened. "I don't rat on friends. We're pullin' back to higher ground to wait for daylight."

When dawn came, two people waved to him from the flat roof of the store. All about it was a sea of muddy overflow. In the foreground, the creek bored violently along.

Seeing its fury, Pete felt his fear increase. "Kendall," he muttered.

"They seem all right," Wallaby said. "We'll have breakfast and clear out."

Pete stood perfectly still, shocked and disbelieving. Then he turned to Wallaby.

"So you're the man who doesn't rat on his friends?" he said hotly. "You'd leave them there, maybe to drown, so you can start your road on time."

Alick peered up at him. "You got it bad now, ain't you, son? What are you fixin' to do? You can't swim over to her."

Pete glared. "With a rope I could."

To page 51

from page 50

"But a rope's no use," Wallaby said. "Even if you made it, you'd never get Jonas and the girl back."

Pete knew that was the truth. "Don't tell me there's nothing we can do."

"There's something," I saw him up on the Diamantina ore. Wallaby said. "It ought to work. These two fellers tied a rope around a fallen tree. One of 'em rode it across the river and picked up a couple of blackies. The other one used their horses to drag 'em all in." He paused. "We've got a 'dozer with a power winch."

"Let's go," Pete said urgently. "You're sure about this?" Wallaby said slowly.

Pete looked again at the two people perched on the roof. He knew there was only one pure in the world where he should be.

Before them, he could see the flooded creek tearing through the spreading waters of the overflow. It boiled fearfully at the bend just past the store, fighting to make the turn and get away.

The water banked up solidly, and a strong current eddied back to pour through the road cuttings.

This, Pete realised, was the way in, the wet road that would take him somewhere. If he launched their tree upstream and the winch held it near the cutting, the back current would drift it near the store.

"Uncork that winch," he said, "and I'll have them here for breakfast. We'll use the gum gum."

Wallaby grinned. "I'll drive the winch myself. This needs to be done right."

The men swarmed on to the truck to which the winch 'dozer was lashed.

Pete jumped behind the wheel. They bounced and jolted upstream. Pete braked hard on the fallen gum and, by the time he and Wallaby had reached the cabin, the men had got the skidway in position and he all but freed the 'dozer. They ran it down the skids and Wallaby took over.

He looped a wire rope from the winch drum round the tree near the roots so that it wouldn't slip. Then he climbed upon the 'dozer, gunned the engine, and pushed the tree into the rampaging creek.

Pete clambered aboard and sat astride, wrapping his arms around an upright branch.

"Good luck," Wallaby murmured, and let the winch drum roll.

But Pete could neither see nor hear. He was swinging out, the gum plunging madly on its rope. He felt the power, the fury of the flood. It pushed and clutched and tore at him.

Then he was opposite the cutting, stationary, bobbing and swinging on the rope. He looked up at the store. The sun was up now, and the store windows, catching it, almost blinded him. But above their flashing he could see Kendall and Jonas, craned over a low stone parapet, staring at him.

The tree swung slowly, almost sluggishly, just outside the back eddy he had reckoned on to take him through the cutting.

He was in neutral water. But Wallaby wound him in, let him go with a fast rush like playing

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

— Matthew 4.10.

During the 40 days Jesus was tempted in the wilderness, He parried the tempter's attacks with a verse of Scripture. Each temptation had been an attempt to make Christ perform some spectacular deed, and the devil promised many things if Christ would worship him. At the above words, quoted from ancient law, the devil turned away and left the Lord alone with His ministering angels.

a game fish, and slapped on the brakes right opposite the cutting. The tree swung in.

The current eased quickly once through the cutting mouth. It drifted him along above the road. As he came opposite the store, Jonas Ridley threw a rope, and Pete started warping in to the front verandah.

Then he slipped the rope round a branch and climbed quickly to the roof, grasping the rope's end in one hand.

Kendall was standing by the parapet, her face white and her eyes big as she helped him down. "Pete," she whispered. "Why did you do it?"

"Get a few things together,"

he said quietly. "And we'll take off again."

Jonas Ridley, with a puzzled look, scratched his head.

"Right here's good enough for us," he said.

"Maybe for now," Pete said. "But what if the water rises?"

"What if it does?" Jonas Ridley said. "I've been living here the better part of forty years. I built right here on the creek so I could dig for water and get it in the worst of droughts. I knew there'd be floods. We got a stone house under us, with foundations dangled near through to Europe. And if too much water comes, a boat's tied out the back."

Pete stared, bewildered. Then he shifted his gaze to Kendall.

"That Wallaby's a strange man," Jonas said. "He knows this house. He helped me build it. He knows about the boat. And still he let you ride a flood. It don't make sense."

Kendall moved in close to Pete. "Does it make any sense to you?"

Pete looked at her for a long moment; then his bewilderment cleared away. He remembered Wallaby's toe-to-toe footprints of two people kissing, and the empty sadness of his voice saying, "She wasn't waiting when I come back."

He reached out for Kendall's hands, and as he did the tree's mooring-rope slid from his grasp. He didn't even look. "When there's two risks," he said, "it's always sense to take the one offering the big reward."

Jonas cleared his throat. "Seems they're leaving you behind."

Pete turned to see the tree moving back towards the creek, the wire rope taut, and long ripples spreading as it bucked the current. Across the roaring creek he could see Wallaby Martin sitting at the winch.

Wallaby swept his good arm broadly to the north-west, and Pete knew that at the end of the movement he had snapped his thumb and forefinger. It was the Wonkajera tribesmen's sign-talk for a journey to a far-off place. It was also a farewell.

"Wallaby's in a hurry," Pete said. "He's got a job waiting."

Jonas Ridley nodded. "Alick Martin always was in a hurry to take off for some place else." He looked at Kendall, and a faint, reminiscent smile touched his mouth.

"Reckon your mother would've married him instead of me if he hadn't been like that."

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Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 19

great cheque in my pocket, it put my morale up no end."

"Where on earth's Poparapetyl?" asked Nikki. "It sounds like some sort of bacteria."

"I hardly knew myself till I got there. It's an island about the size of Anglesea off the coast of Venezuela, and it consists largely of oil derricks and chaps in colored shirts asleep under carts. Also, it is damned hot."

"I arrived from Caracas in a small plane, and took an old taxi from the airstrip to the oil company's bungalows — all very white and neat, and looking the cross between a holiday camp and a municipal sanatorium."

"There didn't seem to be anyone about, and I didn't blame them in that heat, which was enough to raise blisters on a set of snooker balls. So I woke up the amiable Poparapetylian who seemed to be the chief turnkey, and explained that I was the new doctor. He seemed rather surprised but he showed me to the bungalow with 'doctor' on the door and went back to sleep again. And thus I took up the White Man's Burden. Have you got any more beer? The very thought of the place makes me thirsty."

"I believe there's some in the new fridge," said Nikki. "Though as I haven't got the hang of the switches yet you may have to eat it with a hammer and chisel."

"However hot the climate, it doesn't sound a bad job at all," I told him as I refilled his tankard. "If the pay was good you might have done worse than sticking it out for a year or so."

"The very same thoughts passed through my mind, old lad, as I dumped my duffle-bag on the bunk and switched on the radio, water-cooler, and air-conditioning. Oil's all very well, but as you have to go to such beastly places to get it the companies pamper their servants a bit."

"But," Grimsdyke continued

solemnly, "within a short hour or so such ideas were squashed for good and all."

"That sounds very alarming," said Nikki.

"It was alarming. Though it was perhaps for the best. If the horrible dangers of the place had been brought home to me years later it might have been a shattered Grimsdyke that walked through your door, with his liver jostling with his appendix for room in his pelvis."

Love, in spite of all rational knowledge to the contrary, is always in the mood of believing in miracles. By believing in miracles love works miracles.

—John Cowper Powys

"You mean drink?" I asked simply.

He nodded.

"We all like a glass or two and no harm done. Particularly in this part of the world where you know what you're getting, even if it is labelled something like MacEuston Scotch. Not so at Poparapetyl."

My friend paused to reflect. "The first thing I wanted when I arrived, naturally, was a noggin. So I wandered into the sunshine, and noticing a signpost labelled 'To the Capital' I followed it."

"After a short but highly thirst-making walk I reached the place, which consisted of a mixture of huts and telegraph poles and was made largely out of old oil drums. But in the middle stood a more solid-looking structure labelled 'Savoy Hotel,' and I felt that even out of homesickness I had to go in."

"The Savoy wasn't much

like the original, of course. But I went through a door like the ones you see chaps getting chucked out of in Wild West films, and found myself in a dim little bar which was at least a bit cooler than outside. Behind the bar was another Poparapetylian with his head in his hands asleep—which seems to be the great national enthusiasm—and in front of it was a soldierly looking old boy with a spiky moustache and a dirty white suit.

"Why, if it isn't old Bill Mackenzie!" he said as soon as I came in. "After all these years! I suppose you've just arrived in this incestuous hell-hole from London?"

"I've certainly just come from London, my dear sir," I told him. "But I'm equally certain I'm not anyone called

"Dear old Bill!" the chap insisted. "We've certainly got to have a drink on it. George! Double rum swizzle for my old friend Bill Mackenzie, pronto!"

"I thought he might be a bit myopic or something, but further explanations were prevented by my sipping the rum swizzle. You know I've always been rather partial to a drop of rum? I regarded it as nice bland stuff you pour over Christmas puddings. I took a large gulp, and made a noise like a chap on the wrong end of Sir Lancelot's gastroscope. Phew! It pretty well ripped the epithelium off my oesophagus."

"The drinks out here take a little getting used to," said the soldierly chap, patting me hard on the back. "But even in the old days, Bill, you had a weak head for the drink, eh? And for the women, too, ha ha! Why, it must be years since we strolled together on a Saturday night to Frascuti's. How's the dear Alhambra going along?"

"I was just going to tell him that I knew about as much of the dear Alhambra as of the Great Exhibition of 1851, when

he started picking threads from the sleeve of his jacket. At least, I thought he was, until he began chucking them on to the floor and grinding them under his foot.

"Do these little green lizards we have out here worry you much?" he asked in a friendly sort of way.

"Then, of course, I made the diagnosis. Mental confusion, loss of memory for recent events, hallucinations — the chap was a roaring alcoholic. You never see a case like it in England. It's much too expensive a disease for the inhabitants."

"Do you — er, drink very much?" I inquired, as casually as possible.

"Alas!" replied the old boy. "I am a martyr to it. Have another."

"Things then started to get rather difficult," Grimsdyke went on.

I was wondering how our education at St. Swithin's had equipped him to manage this problem of practical medicine.

"You know what it's like dealing with one of these cases, Simon? Just the same as playing with a pet tiger. They're all very nice and friendly, but you can't be too certain when they're going to bite your head off."

"A chronic alcoholic not being the most suitable of drinking companions," he continued, "I tried to edge away. But the old boy would have none of it."

"Let's mull over old times, Bill," he said.

"He insisted we had lots of friends in common, which I'd never heard of and were probably all dead anyway. So I decided that the only plan was to humor him. With any luck he'd either go to sleep or drop off the stool and break his ruddy neck."

"But he'd just asked me how dear old Romano's was doing when my clinical instincts came to the fore. Remembering that such cases must be forced to take a little solid protein occasionally, I said, 'Don't you

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There ought to be a better word than "*delicious*"



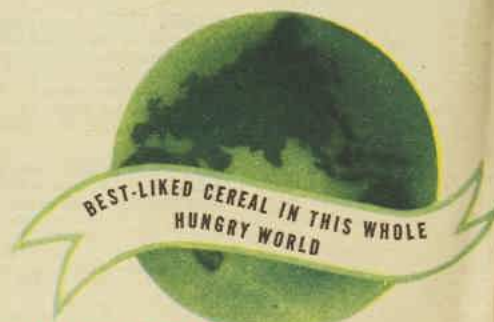
Someday . . . somewhere . . . someone will find a better word than "*delicious*" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it!

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Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

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think you ought to have a bite to eat?"

"Eat?" He sounded as though I'd suggested we send for a chess board.

"Well — just a ham sandwich, or something."

"Ham? Damn it, man!" he shouted. "Are you trying to kill me? The doctor's put me on a salt-free diet, George! Two more rum swizzles."

"An unco-operative patient," Nikki murmured.

"Exactly. I mentioned something about enough being enough and the old boy started to become very excited. Knowing what would happen if I upset him, and not having a strait-jacket handy, I gave in."

"After all," Grimsdyke explained, "I have over the years developed a fair tolerance for the drug alcohol. I had a modest confidence that I could let him out, particularly as he'd probably been at the rum swizzles since breakfast. So I joined him in another couple, while he told me he was the younger son of an earl and started singing 'Abide With Me.'"

G RIMS DYKE started to take another drink of beer, but hesitated.

"It was then I began to feel some unusual symptoms myself," he said.

"Simon," he asked, after a pause. "Do you remember that housemen's party we had in St. Swithin's? The night we decided to fortify the fruit cup with a little absolute alcohol from the path. lab?"

"I don't think any of us can possibly forget it," I told him.

At the time our cellar in the Medical Officers' Quarters was reduced to a bottle of claret and a bag of oranges. To celebrate some fellow-resident's engagement Grimsdyke suggested making a claret cup of the type popular for young ladies' birthday parties, but adding some of the pure ethyl alcohol used to prepare microscope slides of bacteria.

"After all," he had explained at the time. "It's the methyl sort of alcohol that makes you end up as an interesting article in the 'Lancet.' This is perfectly pure C₂H₅OH, exactly the same as you'd get from a bottle of champagne if you distilled it instead of drinking it."

"But even ethyl alcohol's got to be treated with respect," I had told him doubtfully.

"Exactly, my dear chap. People simply make the mistake of forgetting it's seventy-five per cent. proof, and not adding it in judicious quantities. This is all going to be done highly scientifically. I'm going to scrounge a pipette from the biochemistry lab, and dip fifty millilitres into the mixture whenever the party shows signs of flagging. It'll be as precise as an intravenous infusion."

This worked excellently until Grimsdyke had taken several glasses of the cup itself, when his impatience increased while his inhibitions diminished and he started tipping it from the quart hidden under the table. Some remarkable scenes had then ensued, and even when we'd cleared up all the foam we still didn't know where to

bury the empty fire-extinguishers.

"My clinical state that evening at St. Swithin's," Grimsdyke continued at our hearthside, "was exactly reproduced in the Savoy Hotel, Poparapetyl. I had vertigo and diplopia and my stomach felt as though someone had been at it with a bicycle pump. Even old George the barman woke up and looked worried — though probably only because we hadn't paid for the drinks. Anyway, he helped me off my stool and into a bedroom next door, while the old boy was deep in conversation with a stuffed monkey."

"I collapsed on an old iron bedstead with one leg off, wishing I were nicely tucked up in St. Swithin's with an ice-bag and lots of trained nurses."

He stopped, seeming pale even at the recollection.

"Then you passed out?" Nikki asked sympathetically.

"Graduates of St. Swithin's Hospital, madam, do not pass out. Remembering my ill-spent youth, I focused my eyes on a spot on the ceiling, which turned out to be a squashed cockroach. But at least it rallied the neurones for action."

"It became pretty obvious that I couldn't be found on my first day dead drunk in some shanty. It also became obvious that if I stayed there I should rapidly be consumed by orthoptera. So after a bit I took a deep breath, got up, grabbed my hat, and without looking right or left started up the road home, hoping I was going in the right direction."

"I shall never forget that walk. Going out it had seemed a fairly easy half-mile but now it was like crossing the Sahara. The only thing that kept me going was the thought of my cool white air-conditioned couch at the other end. I've heard a good bit about the evils of drink in my time, but it wasn't till then I realised what the chaps with the big drum at the street corner really meant. But at last I staggered into my bungalow, hoping to heaven no one had seen me, and collapsed on the counter-pane."

"But," Grimsdyke went on sadly, "a doctor's work is never done."

"You mean you didn't even have time to sleep it off?" I asked.

"I suppose I must have dozed for a few moments, but suddenly there was a terrible knocking on the door. I got up, feeling like the Drunken Porter with Macduff on the mat. Outside I found the Poparapetyl turnkey I mentioned earlier, in a bit of a state."

"Come quick, Doctor, sir!" he said, grabbing my coat, "one of the bosses taken mighty sick, my word!"

"Much worse than a Casualty call after a St. Swithin's party," I observed.

"It was like coming round from one of Tony Benskin's anaesthetics. But never have I shirked my professional duty, old lad. The brain was functioning pretty clearly even though I did feel someone had replaced my spinal cord with calf's foot jelly. If the big noise from the office had chosen this moment to give in to his blood pressure, as the only doctor in sight I had to cope."

"While I trudged after the turnkey for miles, trying to remember the right treatment for hypertension, I made a big resolve — at the end of the month's job, Grimsdyke would be shipped back to the temperate climes. But at last we came to a halt."

"In here, Doctor, sir," the chap said. "Very bad case, Doctor."

"I thought the scene looked vaguely familiar. Sure enough, here we were again at the Savoy Hotel. I thought my patient might be the old boy, but he was sitting in his place as usual and merely said, 'Doctor? Why, it's old Jim Parsons from Harley Street, bless me. Can't have set eyes on you for years. Still looking after all those pretty actresses?'"

"Then — can you imagine my feelings? — the turnkey showed me into the room which I had with such suffering just evacuated."

George the barman must have hurried off, scared stiff, to find the doctor. And here I was — the only member of the profession who's ever been called

"Well, perhaps so," I told her awkwardly. "But, anyway, with Sir Lancelot it's almost impossible to refuse."

She stared at me. "Simon! You don't mean you accepted — just like that?"

"But how on earth could I do otherwise? It would have been easier for the Prodigal Son to announce that he didn't care much for veal."

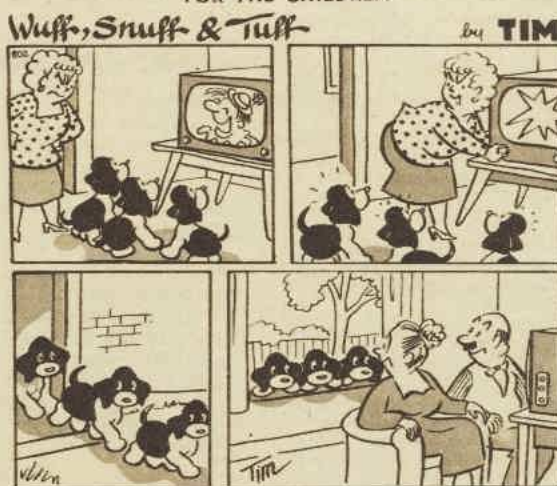
"Simon, really!" She sounded rather annoyed. "You are sometimes the biggest —"

"Hello, hello!" exclaimed Grimsdyke, reappearing with his bag. "Sorry to butt in. If you two want a family row I'll go out and water the geraniums."

"We haven't quite started throwing the crockery yet," Nikki told him, smiling.

"How long are you staying, Grim?" I asked, glad to drop the subject.

FOR THE CHILDREN



out for a consultation on himself."

"And I don't believe a word of it," said Nikki. "You're just having Simon on, to get your revenge for Lady Corrington."

"Every word's true, on my Hippocratic oath," Grimsdyke insisted. "If you don't believe me, go out to Poparapetyl and find out."

"Whatever happened, it's a very good thing you didn't stay there," she decided.

"You can do quite enough damage to your liver during English licensing hours," I added.

"Je suis et je reste, anyway," said Grimsdyke lightly. "If it's all right with you, Nikki's kindly offered to put me up, as I can't get the Aussie out of my flat for a bit. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd better go and get my kit out of the car."

As soon as Grimsdyke was out of earshot I gave Nikki a paraphrase of my conversation with Sir Lancelot.

"Jolly decent of the old chap, don't you think?" I said warmly. "Even though scholarships and grants and so on have changed the scene even since we were medical students ourselves, it'll be no end of help having some of Sir Lancelot's cash in the till."

"A thing like that needs an awful lot of thinking over," said Nikki.

"Oh come, darling! It's the sort of offer any man would jump at these days."

"I think I'd very much rather bring our children up independently."

"I know, dear, and so would everyone. But once we've got another mouth to educate —"

"And it would be simply terrible having a man like Sir Lancelot shaking his will at us for the rest of his life."

"I don't think he will at all."

"I'd better buy a pair of ordinary cotton ones, then. And what on earth shall I give him to eat?"

"He believes in doing himself pretty well, you know. He's had some terrible rows with the dietetic experts."

"Perhaps a cold roast chicken would be safest?"

"And I'll get a bottle of decent hock. Also some whisky and soda — he always likes a nightcap. Major Marston hasn't left any of his cigars about, I suppose?"

"Talking of nightcaps, shall I buy a hot-water bottle?"

"Most definitely. And a thermometer thing to test the temperature of his bathwater. He generally brings his own trouser-press."

We could hardly have been less thorough if we'd been expecting the Prime Minister himself.

Nikki said little more about Sir Lancelot's proposition, for like many women she was more concerned making the house as spotless for him as his own operating table. As Major Marston seemed to have been camping out rather than living in the place before our arrival there was a good deal of scrubbing and dusting for her to do with the assistance of our latest "woman."

We had employed several of these since our marriage, all with varicose veins and obscure lumbar complaints which they described in loud voices over their buckets, before leaving abruptly through some unfathomable psychological disturbance.

As someone always seemed to want to clean the spot where I happened to be sitting, I generally went out and played golf with Grimsdyke. The rest of the time our guest mooched about the house telephoning complicated instructions to his bookmaker and reading the "Vacancy" advertisements in the "British Medical Journal."

"Not much this week," he said, tossing the grey-covered paper aside on the following Sunday evening. "I usually stick to the 'Miscellaneous' lot at the end. Occasionally you run across something like 'Prosperous drug manufacturers want personable young doctor to take visiting Americans out to lunch.' But this week there's only a lot of chaps trying to flog their old microscopes and a warning not to send original copies of testimonials."

"Something suitable for your peculiar talents is bound to turn up before long," I told him consolingly. "Who knows — they might be wanting a new M.O. at The Windmill."

BUT it seemed Grimsdyke wasn't worried.

"I never really lose any sleep over being unemployed, old lad. It's the only chance I have to escape from this ghastly modern obsession about work. And thanks to the oil company, I've enough in the bank to keep body and soul apart a bit longer."

He paused, sticking a cigarette in his holder thoughtfully.

"On the other hand, of course, one can't go on like this," he said abruptly.

"But why not?"

"Why not?" He seemed for a few moments to be trying to find a reason. Then to my surprise he got up and started pacing about our sitting-room.

"Old lad," he said suddenly. "Have you noticed anything odd about me while I've been here?"

I looked at him carefully.

"You're wearing the new cut-away sort of collar."

"No, no! Nothing like that. Something — well, fundamental, if you'll excuse the word."

"I've thought you've been a bit moody. But I put that down to the after-effects of Poparapetyl and backing all the wrong horses."

"You have been witnessing," Grimsdyke declared quietly, "a soul in travail."

"Good heavens, have I really?" I glanced at him nervously. "What on earth's been going on?"

He sat down for a moment in silence.

"As we're alone, I'll tell you. I'm going to get married."

"You're going to get what?"

It was as though Romeo had announced in the middle of the balcony scene that he had to get back for his cup of hot milk.

"Don't get excited, old lad," he went on quickly. "There's nothing drastic in view. I mean I'm going to get married in theory. The practical will come later."

"Then I'm delighted to hear it," I said.

I felt the gratification of any Englishman whose friend announces he'd like to put up for his club.

"But why this sudden melting of the heart?" I asked. "A few months ago you sounded ready to enter a monastery, if you could only find one with central heating and a club licence."

"It's Nature," Grimsdyke said simply. "I've been a beastly sort of chap —"

"Oh, come! Unappreciated in certain quarters, perhaps."

"But I have. Mucking about with the affections of young women. But these last few days, enjoying the hospitality of your little home and watching Nikki turning out little white things, surrounded with all those baby's baths and whatnot you've shoved upstairs —" He shrugged his shoulders. "It's the old paternal instinct, I suppose."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Oh, I know. The psychological pundits are perfectly right, of course. It's always there, however much you try to cover it up with a neat blue suit and a few light-hearted remarks."

He was so distracted he let ash fall on his new silk waistcoat.

"I don't suppose the Grimsdykes came over at the behest of the Conqueror — much more likely at the behest of their creditors," he went on. "But did you know I'm the last of the line? I agree the proper reaction to that is, 'And a damn good thing, too.' But it seems a pity that the breed, for all its imperfections, should be lost to public view for good. And the only thing I can do about it is having some off-spring or getting a glass tank of preservative spirit and presenting myself to the Natural History Museum."

"You'd better have a drink," I said.

I felt the conversation was becoming rather a strain on both of us.

"The trouble is," my friend went on, as I poured him some of Sir Lancelot's special whisky, "that marriage mightn't suit me."

"You might as well say that life mightn't suit you. Mostly it's what you make of it."

"But I can't run around in emotional short pants any more, that's obvious. And I'm not getting any younger."

He thrust his hands into his pockets despondently.

"When I looked into St. Swithin's the other day it struck me how terribly young the sisters were getting. Significant, eh? Soon I'll have a crow's playground round my eyes,

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

chins in cascades, and large areas of scalp exposed to the stares of passers-by.

"And damn silly I'll look then with a bunch of flowers trying to woo some sweet young thing of twenty-one."

"But with an address-book like yours, Grim, you could get hitched up tomorrow if you wanted to."

"Of course I know dozens and dozens of women," he agreed, not looking particularly enthusiastic at the suggestion. "But ... well, dash it, they're

all very well whooping it up in a nightclub at four in the morning, but how would they do at tea and cakes with all my maiden aunts?"

"A very old problem," I sympathised.

"I remember my old Grandpa," he continued reminiscently. "The one who was eaten by a tiger at eighty-four. 'Gaston, my boy,' he used to tell me, 'never marry a woman you can't face over breakfast.' I suppose the old boy was right."

"But the world's full of girls to face over breakfast," I consoled him.

"Yes, and their families make damn sure to keep them away from chaps like me. And if I don't find the right one pretty soon I'll be shackled for life to one of the other harpies. Half of them seem to consider themselves the future Mrs. Grimsdyke already. Do you know, I've only got to ask a woman if she likes fried eggs and she starts stroking my lapels and purring wouldn't it be nice if she could fry mine. I ask you!"

"Then if you really want some fatherly advice," I said, as he distractedly helped himself to more whisky, "I'd tear up your address-book and start from scratch. Though for Pete's sake don't hurry—that's fatal."

He stared thoughtfully at his glass. "Could you give me some sort of idea of—well, a suitable type?"

"My dear chap! It's far more dangerous to advise a man on his choice of wife than his choice of doctor. You get blamed if either turns out to be a dud."

Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 55

"I must find someone intelligent enough to talk to—"

"Who won't be too intelligent to talk to you."

"I hadn't thought of that." He flicked the ash off his cigarette gloomily. "I don't really suppose I shall ever find a suitable mate."

"Of course you will, you idiot! You're a member of a highly respectable, not to mention highly marriageable, profession. Any family would welcome you into their bosom, once you get over the habit of eyeing every female you're introduced to as though you wanted to eat her."

"Then I'll start looking tomorrow," he said, cheering a little. "Thank you, Simon, for your valued advice. Do you remember what old Sir Lancelot used to tell us as students? 'For success in surgery, gentlemen, like success in everything else, you need three things—brains, beauty, and cash. If you've got one of 'em, marry the other two.' Who knows? I might find all three in the same pair of nylons."

"And even if you don't, you'll have a lot of fun looking for her," I laughed.

Our profound conversation was then interrupted by Nikki coming in with a bucket to scrub the carpet.

The moment of Sir Lancelot's arrival approached with the speed of an appointment at the dentist's.

The China tea and crumpets were in the larder, the hot-water bottle and thermometer hung in the bathroom, the chicken waited in the deep-freeze, and the hock cooled in the cellar. There was nothing to do but await our guest with the same feelings of hopeful inadequacy as *Passe-partout* waiting for Phineas Fogg.

"I'm clearing off now," said Grimsdyke at breakfast the morning before. "He might make a mistake in the day. I never was much of a one for taking risks."

"You can always come back when the den's empty," I invited him. "I'd hate to think of you wandering about with no place to hang your fourteen suits."

"Oh, I'll doss down in the Y.M.C.A., or anywhere I can get a bit of peace and quiet to write next week's article for the papers."

Grimsdyke shortly roared away in his Richard Hannay Bentley, presumably to search for lodgings and a wife.

Having a few minutes to spare before leaving for the surgery, I mentioned Sir Lancelot's offer to Nikki—almost for the first time since my return from London.

"I know you think me awfully stupid and stubborn, Simon," she said. "And I suppose I am. But the whole idea seems to me quite wrong. It isn't even that he's one of your relatives."

"I know exactly how you feel," I told her patiently. "But surely we shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth? Particularly when it's got so many gold teeth. Don't forget we're the depressed middle-classes, crushed between the upper and lower millstones, or whatever it is."

"I still don't think we should have anything whatever to do with it."

"The old boy's got bags of oof, if that's what you're worrying about. He made it when you didn't have to hand it straight to the Government, and surgeons weren't so keen to settle for a suite of Chippendale or a dozen whisky for services rendered."

me visible between sterile cap and mask turned bright pink.

By the time I reached my lodgings that night my godfather had left me with the suspicion that I was not, after all, born to be a famous surgeon. This was confirmed a few months later when I was studying diseases of the eye, and discovered in a textbook of ophthalmology that "Argyll-Robertson" described "a small irregular pupil that reacts sluggishly." For the rest of the course he treated me with exceptional and unrelenting ferocity, just to prove that he dealt with all students equally.

I now opened the door of his car.

"So this is your home?" demanded Sir Lancelot at once, stepping out. "Stucco and solid comfort. Admirable."

"My wife, sir," I said.

Nikki approached down the path, looking as if she expected him to exclaim, "Fe fo fum!"

A SPRING ANNUAL

NEMESIA is a hardy annual plant that flowers in spring. There are several varieties, dwarf and medium, and a blue type known as Compact Blue Gem, which should be used as an edging plant.

They do well in almost any good soil, but all require full sunlight. Sow seed February-April. Set out seedlings 9 inches apart. Nemesis are very resistant to disease.



from keeping me out of pubs to making me suspend my trousers with braces instead of a handy length of two-inch bandage. But I thought that, like all women, she was being unreasonable, and I said so. "I'm not being unreasonable a bit," Nikki returned. "I suppose you'd say Eve was being unreasonable, if she'd stamped on the serpent."

"Darling, we mustn't have anything as stupid as this upsetting us," I pleaded. "When most couples quarrel it's over lack of cash, not a surfeit of it. Let's not argue about it any more."

But we did, of course, almost until Sir Lancelot's Rolls appeared in our road and to an invisible guard of honor behind the neighbors' curtains drew up at the front door.

NATURALLY, I prepared myself to entertain my godfather in my own home with understandable nervousness. As a junior medical student at St. Swithin's I had been secretly proud, overawed, and hopeful of the connection between us, but it had become clear at our first meeting in his operating theatre that Sir Lancelot himself made no allowances for the relationship.

"You, boy!" he had roared. "You latest viper in my well-bitten bosom—what's yer name?"

"Why, I'm Simon Sparrow, sir," I said, smiling behind my surgical mask.

"Good grief, are you? I thought you were Argyll-Robertson."

To my mystification everyone in the theatre broke into a roar of laughter.

"Come over here and get your hands dirty," commanded Sir Lancelot, and those parts of

"Enchanted," said Sir Lancelot. He bowed gallantly. "Didn't I examine you in surgery finals?"

"Yes, you did," said Nikki, with an anxious glance.

"There you are, Sparrow. I never forget a candidate. And I dare say, young lady, you still don't know the three things you'd advise an elderly gentleman with an enlarged prostate to avoid?"

Nikki shook her head.

"Drinking stout, riding a horse, and reading the 'New Statesman and Nation,'" said my godfather briefly. "Let us go indoors."

To my relief, he seemed to be in the mood of a jovial uncle up for the Derby.

Sir Lancelot immediately marched through the ground floor, examining our surroundings.

"Excellent, excellent," he declared in the kitchen. "I agree with all these modern gadgets. I'm not half such an old-fashioned stick-in-the-mud as everyone makes out, my dear," he added to Nikki. "And after all, half the secret of successful surgery is making things easy for yourself. Eh, Sparrow?"

"Oh, of course, sir."

"Television, eh?" He frowned as he entered the sitting-room. "The destroyer of conversation, celebration, and ocular accommodation. Don't approve. Don't approve at all. However, as it will doubtless shortly be made compulsory for the entire population, there's nothing we can do about it except submit quietly to disuse atrophy of the grey cells."

He inspected one of the Marston's chairs.

"Furniture modern, but well designed. Sloppy furniture's the cause of half your back aches, which we never had

when we all sat on planks as God meant us to. There's nothing like upholstery for playing hell with your pelvis. How d'you heat the place?"

"Central heating, sir," I told him. "Boiler in the basement." "I approve of that, too. Why on earth the inhabitants of this country should persist in poisoning each other through their chimney-pots is totally beyond me. Rooms upstairs?"

"Four, sir. Two baths."

"H'm. Well, Sparrow—your father told me you were doing well enough to buy and furnish your own house, but I must admit frankly I hadn't any idea you were doing quite so well as this. Congratulations."

Nikki and I exchanged a glance.

"Well, you see, sir," I began hesitantly. "It isn't quite as simple—"

"There was once a time, I don't mind telling you, when I didn't think you had the brains to support a bowl of goldfish, let alone a wife. I can only say that I'm both thankful and honestly delighted I was mistaken."

"Perhaps I ought to explain, sir—"

"Explain?" He frowned.

"Explain what?"

My courage failed me.

"How about a cup of tea? I'm famished."

"Yes, at once, sir. Just have a chair, sir."

I stared hard at Nikki. She seemed to agree that it was simpler to leave things as they were.

"I'll take your things to your room," I went on quickly.

"Thank you, Sparrow. And kindly remove the brown-paper parcel from the larger suitcase."

I struggled upstairs with his pair of heavy leather cases, and came down holding a large parcel tied with surgeon's knots.

"I must apologise that I never sent you anything for your wedding," Sir Lancelot continued as we sat down at the tea table. "As a matter of fact, I completely forgot the date. I was somewhat distracted over that St. Swithin's business at the time, you understand. I am glad now to be able to rectify the fault in much pleasanter circumstances."

I opened the package while he spread his first crumpet. It contained a silver affair with a couple of small spirit lamps underneath, that looked the cross between a samovar and a portable steriliser.

"It's very, very beautiful," said Nikki, who is quicker at such things than me.

"I am delighted you think so, my dear."

"It's really most kind of you, sir. I'm sure it'll look absolutely wonderful in the . . . in the . . ."

"Just regard it as an expression of my good wishes," said my godfather airily. "Now, young lady," he went on, to my relief turning his attention to my wife. "I should like a little chat with you. You trained at the City General, I believe?"

"Yes, I did. Under Mr. Duff."

"Know the feller well. I will confess that I myself at first opposed admitting women students to St. Swithin's, largely because I felt there ought to be some entirely masculine preserve left in London outside Wormwood Scrubs. I imagined that in no time the medical school would be full of powder boxes and furbelows and babies in prams."

"But I was wrong, and I admit it," he continued, frankly. "Most of the women turned out a damn sight better students than the men, not to say rather cleaner and better dressed. Do you know," he went on to me, "on one of my

To page 64

I'M FIGHTING FIT AT FIFTY . . .

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A magic carpet for Mr. Magoo

ACCOMPANIED by his cat, Abdul Azziz Magoo finds himself whisked off by flying carpet to help his nephew Aladdin out of trouble.



● First full-length cartoon featuring the celebrated Mr. Magoo (winner of two Academy Awards) is "1001 Arabian Nights," a Magoo version of the Aladdin story made by UPA for Columbia release. Mr. Magoo was a minor character in his first cartoon, but ended up as the star of 53 subsequent shorts. Film actor Jim Backus is the voice of Mr. Magoo, and is said to have lent him many of his own characteristics.



BEAUTIFUL Princess Yasmina (voice Kathryn Grant) is loved by Aladdin. BELOW: The crafty Wazir, Aladdin's enemy, gloats over his hoard of stolen money.



TINY ALADDIN (voice Dwayne Hickman) is dwarfed by this huge figure during an adventure with the Magic Lamp in a cave treasure-house.



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New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ FERRY TO HONG KONG

Drama, with Curt Jurgens, Orson Welles, Sylvia Syms. In color. State, Sydney.

BACKED with colorful scenes of Hong Kong's junk-crowded harbor, squalid back streets, and gaudy night-spots, the action in this film is almost entirely on a paddle-wheel ferry plying between Hong Kong and Portuguese Macao—four hours' away.

Curt Jurgens, an aimless hobo, is exiled from Hong Kong because of his brawling. Authorities put him on board the ferry, captained by Orson Welles, for Macao. The Portuguese refuse him permission to land.

Stateless, Jurgens is doomed to remain on the ferry until authorities can agree on his fate. But the antagonistic Welles, pompous, pukka, and proud of his "ship," hates his travelling companion and does his best to be rid of him.

The crew, particularly the engineer (Miguel Henriques)—a delightful character with a heavy Scots accent—do their best to make his quarters a home-from-home. And Sylvia Syms, an attractive, yet nondescript, schoolteacher, is so attracted to easy-going

Jurgens, she organises a signed petition for his "rescue."

This film, which begins with such promise in plot, suddenly becomes sheer melodrama, with only the brilliant acting of Welles and Henriques saving it from destruction. On a single trip, the ferry is damaged by an explosion, battered in a cyclone (which drives it off course towards the unfriendly mainland), and attacked by ruthless pirates.

In a word . . . **LIVELY.**

★ NEVER SO FEW

Drama, with Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida, Peter Lawford. In color. St. James, Sydney.

WARTIME Burma and Calcutta are the settings for this rambling jungle-fighting and luxury-living epic.

Frank Sinatra, a U.S. captain in charge of a small band of G.I.s and local fighters isolated in the jungle, seems to be fighting the entire Japanese Army in Burma single-handed. Without medical aid his gallant group keep the enemy at bay while the rest of the U.S. Army live it up in nightclubs behind the line.

But their casualties are heavy, so Frankie and his buddy (Richard Johnson) are suddenly and miraculously

airborne to town in search of a doctor and supplies.

Killing time in a nightclub, Frank meets a glamorous Italian refugee (Gina Lollobrigida). Gina cold-shoulders the impecunious G.I., but her wealthy civilian boy-friend invites the boys to stay at his mansion next time they get leave. This happens sooner than expected; Sinatra and Johnson accept the offer next day.

And with bubbly, caviare, and romantic balcony scenes, the war is temporarily dropped from the script. That is, until Johnson develops malaria and doctor Peter Lawford is called in.

After a swift recovery, Johnson, Frankie, and the unhappy Lawford are parachuted back into the hills to continue the war. They arrive

in time for an absurdly gay Christmas party.

Unfortunately, the music, dancing (yes, there's a girl!), lanterns, and general merry-making attract a Japanese force which slaughters half the G.I.s and wounds their captain. Result—an airlift to base hospital.

But Frankie doesn't mind; he's visited by the now adoring Gina. The rest-up doesn't last for long, and they're all soon back in the hills for a counter-attack.

From this point the plot shoots off on irrelevant tangents—one being a battle with neutral China.

Although unreal, this confusing film holds attention if only to see how the loose ends can possibly tie.

In a word . . . **LAUGHABLE.**



• Julia Lockwood, teenage British comedy star.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

WHEN I heard crack polo player Bob Skene, who now lives in America, might be coming home again this year, I rang Bob's sister, Mrs. Ken Mackay, at Dungog, and got all the news from her.

Bob and his wife (remember, she was Betty Wheatley, from Camden) and their seven-year-old son, Curtis, are flying out from their home in Los Angeles. They'll arrive here on March 28.

Bob, who is a ten-goal player (and, boy, is that good!), and locals Ken Mackay and Hector King will be one of the five teams playing night polo at the Royal Easter Show.

"He'll come straight up to Dungog when he arrives," said Mrs. Mackay, "and practise with some of the ponies we've lined up ready for him."

"We're all hoping Bob and Betty will stay on for a few months. It's about six years since he was home last."

On the weekend after Easter there'll be a polo tournament at Warwick Farm—on the Thursday, Friday, and Sunday—and Bob will be playing there, too.

Mrs. Mackay said: "We're hoping to find ponies for the two American players who are coming with Bob, more or less as spectators. We'll call the tournament the Californians versus New South Wales, or something like that."

"IT'S fun being a grandmother," said Lady Tedder, when I met her at Mascot at the beginning of her month's visit to Australia. Lady Tedder is the wife of Lord Tedder, Marshal of the R.A.F., and they have two grandchildren as well as a 13-year-old son of their own. The Tedders met in Algiers, where she was organising clubs for servicemen during the war, and they married in 1943. Their home now is a house built in 1471, "a mixture of pre-Tudor, Tudor, and Regency," in Surrey. And there's plenty of room for lots of children and dogs—Lady Tedder says they're her "hobbies"—"I love them," she told me.

SAW Jenny Towndrow and Penny Seidler at Moya Dyring's exhibition at Macquarie Galleries. Penny's doing second-year Architecture at Sydney University, so it looks as though her husband, Harry, will have a ready-made partner in a few years' time. Jenny's doing Arts III this year. She's busy right now with rehearsals for the University Players' productions of an Orientation Week revue and plays.

IT was a snap decision when Pat Osborne decided to go along with his fiancée, Sally McFarlane, and Virginia Brown on their trip overseas. They'll all be arriving in London in a week or so, and will soon be off again on a month's skiing holiday in Austria. Sally and Pat plan to be married in Sydney in September—then they'll live on the Osbornes' property, "Curraandooley," Bungendore.

HAD fun watching the wool fashion parade at the C.I.O.S. luncheon at Mark Foy's last week. I was talking to Mrs. F. N. Leddy, who helped Mrs. R. J. Webster arrange the lunch. She and her family are off to Europe in a month's time. They'll spend a month in Honolulu, and be home before the end of the year.

INTERESTING weddings . . . Paddy Anne Biershank, the only daughter of Mr. Peter Biershank, and Mrs. S. Davidson, to Barry Nolan, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Nolan, at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay . . . Patricia Becker, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Becker, of Taree, to Armin Herfil, of Canberra, at St. Vincent's, Ashfield.

AT the Blake Prize opening . . . I was amused to see Kristin and Stephen Coburn looking rather bored and quite unimpressed by all the fuss, even though their father carried off first prize with his painting. But Kristin's only five, and Stephen four, so they've got plenty of time yet . . . and congratulations for Lesley Pockley, whose painting was one of the 57 selected for hanging.

BABY talk . . . Robin and John Miller, of "Littledale," Cootamundra, have a daughter, Julia, born about two weeks ago. She's the first grandchild for Robin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Rose, of "Bongalong," Muttama. The N. K. Millers already have a grandson, Christopher, the baby son of Phillip and Rosemary Miller, of Cootamundra.

WASN'T it nice that Mrs. Ross Radford—formerly Barbara Still—was back from her honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise in time to be matron-of-honor for Gai Treloar? Gai, the daughter of Mrs. T. J. Treloar, of Elizabeth Bay, and the late Mr. Treloar, married John Ryder at Shore Chapel, North Sydney, last week.

Anne

TOWN AND COUNTRY INTEREST



BRIDAL attendants at the Nixon-Moses wedding (from left), Jim Alker, of "Wean," Bogabri, Anne Amadio, of Double Bay, Ian Murray, of "Kindee," North Star, and Nancy Nixon, of Tamworth. Nancy caught the bride's bouquet at the wedding reception at the Elanora Country Club.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Bob Nixon, who were married at All Saints' Church, Woolahra. The bride was formerly Margaret Moses, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah. Bob is the second son of Mrs. A. Nixon, of Tamworth, and the late Mr. A. H. Nixon, of "Oakhampton," Upper Manilla. After a honeymoon in Fiji, Margie and Bob will live on his property, "Long Downs," Gunnedah.



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS. Lord and Lady Tedder, who are now visiting Australia. Lord Tedder is the former Chief of the British Air Staff, and besides his business interests is also chairman of the Outward Bound Movement. In Sydney Lord Tedder and his wife stayed with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan at Point Piper.



TO LIVE IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Day leave St. James' Church, Turramurra, followed by Jane Hilbert. The bride was formerly Annabel Hilbert, of Turramurra, and Ted is the son of the Douglas Days, of Pyrmble. They flew via Honolulu to Europe, where they'll have a ski-ing honeymoon in Austria and then live in London for three years.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Roger Smith, formerly Rosemary Jones, of "Milo," Moree, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral with her husband. Roger is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith, of Stanmore. They will make their home at "Weilmoringle," Breckwarrina.

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RIN-TIN-TIN, above and below, has been the doggy idol of movie-goers since the 1920s, when he first started his heroic work assisting the U.S. cavalry. But Rinty, old as he seems, takes progress and TV in his stride, apparently unchanged by age. Today he delights televiewers all over Australia, indeed all over the world. In Japan "Rin-Tin-Tin" is second in a poll of the most popular foreign films shown on TV.

But the Rin-Tin-Tin televiewers admire is not their grandparents' hero. The original Rinty died at 14 in 1932. His son, Rinty II, took over the role till he died in 1941. Rinty III's film career was interrupted by World War II, in which he served in the K9 Corps.

Rinty IV, great-grandson of the first Rinty, is the one televiewers watch. He is now six years old, but his son, Rin-Tin-Tin V, born on July 4, 1956, is already in training to take over from Dad when death or disaster makes it necessary.

Viewers often wonder how his trainer and the director make Rinty "act" when the script demands it and they have to be well out of sight and sound.

It is quite easy, for Rinty wears a specially designed kind of hearing "aid." Through this aid, attached to his collar, Rinty receives transmitted orders such as "Attack," "Chase," "Hold" from his trainer, who might be a mile away from him. He's a very clever and very entertaining dog.



RIN-TIN-TIN with his master, Rusty (Lee Aaker), an honorary member of the U.S. Cavalry, and their hero, Lieut. Rip Masters (John Brown).

A pair of TV charmers

● A taxi-driver's yell, "Hi, Shirl—how are those frogs on the log?" must have been very sweet music to Shirley Abicair, famous TV personality and singer, back in Australia to make two new TV series.

THE taxi-driver yelled at her as she waved me off from the doorway of her luxurious harbor-side flat in Sydney, and Shirley happily yelled right back at him.

The little incident put the capital A into the Abicair story — the story of an Australian girl who through years of success abroad has stayed unspoiled, still everyone's ideal hometown girl.

The frogs the taxi-driver asked about were the characters in one of the most popular folk songs Shirley sang in her TV programme on her last trip home 18 months ago.

"I didn't know she was back," the driver said. "She gets around. She looks the same still."

Shirley certainly does get around — London — New York — Sydney seems to be her regular circuit.

"And I love it," she said. I didn't agree with the driver that Shirley looks the same.

She is as winsome as ever, but it appears to be a smoother, slicker Shirley who is back this trip.

She thinks it's just that she's changed the way she does her hair. She does it up now in

a beehive — that is much more chic than the rippling, long bob she used to wear.

"All the men hate it up," she said. "But women like it." It is so much smarter and looks better with clothes.

Spending a morning with Shirley is confusing.

First of all, she gives the impression of dreamy vagueness, of complete femininity, the type that can't cope with the simplest situation.

Then she suddenly tells you why she's here — and that's



PEGGY HAYAMA

when you realise it's no dreamy female you're talking to, but a clever, original businesswoman.

She's making a series of six special films for the British Broadcasting Corporation, the Canadian Broadcasting Commission, and the Australian Broadcasting Commission—all her own idea—and, as well, a series of six special Sunday 6.00 p.m. family shows originating at Sydney's Channel 9, and showing all over Australia.

The films for the B.B.C. are really a tribute from her to Australia, which she loves.

"I always stay longer than I should when I come home," she said. "Australia is terribly hard to leave."

She got the idea when she visited the Snowy River Scheme on her last trip.

"I got the feeling of such vigor and progress," she said, "I thought I'd like to do a show about it with a filmed documentary background of the Snowy, with folk songs—and the zither — interviews, and bits of this and that."

"When I got back to England I saw the B.B.C. about it."

"They were interested, so now I'm making six."

One is to be filmed at Palm Island, off Cairns, one on Sydney Harbor, one on a paddle

steamer on the River Murray, one at Surfers' Paradise, and another at the Adelaide Arts Festival.

I think Shirley's charm and business acumen are about equal. And if you want to work out her charm ratio add up what she has done in

TELEVISION PARADE

By
NAN MUSGROVE

the six years since she left Australia, a "very intermittent" University student who entertained her friends singing to the zither.

In that time she has become one of the best-known TV personalities in England and the Continent. She has her own show on the B.B.C., as well as a children's show.

On the children's show Shirley tells simple stories about a little aboriginal character called Tumburumba.

Tumburumba is so popular that he has now appeared in book form and is making more money for Shirley.

There are many stories about Shirley's income, ranging from big, through enormous, to fantastic.

"I am earning plenty," she

said, "and living very well. I own and live in the most lovely penthouse in Knightsbridge. I can go off and travel when I like and buy clothes when I feel like it. It's wonderful."

"I don't need much to be happy, but it's wonderful to be able to get what you want."

"I like to drive cars. I have a sports coupe that's terrifically fast."

"I think I can say I am safe for my old age unless I do something very silly—and I suppose that is always on the cards."

Romantically, she seems to have a dreamy look in her eye, but she hasn't yet been engaged or married.

Shirley's probably like her Japanese counterpart, singer Peggy Hayama, who arrived in Sydney last week to appear in the Graham Kennedy National Variety Show.

Peggy says she would like to go out with men, and some time be engaged and marry, but she has no time.

"It is my work. It takes all my time," she said.

Peggy is known in Tokio as "the girl with the golden

SHIRLEY ABICAIR

voice," and is famous in Japan and America, where she has been on TV for six years.

She has her own show on Tokio's Channel 6, and is also one of Japan's most popular radio disc-jockeys.

She arrived at Mascot in pale pink silk kimono tied with a black-and-gold obi looking like a bit of old Japan. She took me over a lunch of Sydney rock-oysters ("Very good" that the kimono was special for Australia, that she always wore Western dress.

"The slacks and sweater wore in the plane are much more comfortable," she said.

Peggy's Japanese name Shigeko, meaning glorious, is quite evident that her fellow countrymen think this is true. A crowd of them meeting the plane bowed like a chain reaction when they saw her and cameras clicked in a way

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Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 56

"The stuff from the house." With feelings perhaps resembling Grimsdyke's in the Savoy Hotel at Poparapetyl, I noticed that the side of the van announced Hamble and Grimley, Speedy Removers.

"Surely there's some mistake?" I argued.

"Doesn't look like any mistake here, Guv'nor. See what it says on the paper—'Re-

other day. From your—er, Major Marston."

"From that rat? It's not his house—it's mine, and every stick and scrap inside it. So's the money in his business if it comes to that, which I'm going to squeeze out of the vermin, penny by penny, in the Bankruptcy Court. Carry-ing on with that little mouse-faced secretary of his."

"Please, please! Don't turn us out just at this moment!" I begged. "Won't tomorrow



"So far he has made only one thing—noise."

move effects to store from residence four o'clock Tuesday order of Mrs. Marston. Couldn't have it plainer than that, could you?"

"But it's nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Marston!"

"Then's our instructions, Guv'nor." The man turned to his companions. "Right you are, lads. Let's get weaving."

The four of them started to move in.

"Now look here! Just one minute—"

"Come off it, Guv. We've got our job to do."

"But damnation! Can't you show a bit of commonsense?"

"Commonsense? 'Oo's showing any commonsense around 'ere, I'd like to know?"

WE had a brief but urgent argument on the doormat, terminated by the arrival of an open scarlet Jaguar which roared up with Mrs. Marston herself.

"Who are these people?" she demanded at once, glaring at me. "Why, it's the doctor," she exclaimed. "That dirty dog hasn't gone and cut his throat, has he? If he has, let the little tyke bleed to death. You can take it from me, he isn't worth the saving."

"Just one moment, Mrs. Marston," I said nervously. "I'm afraid there's been something of a mix-up."

"I'll say there has!" She threw back her bright red hair. "Mix-up, indeed! And if I once get my hands on him I'll have him so mixed up he won't be fit for anything except the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, where he ought to have been years ago. Right you are, men," she added to the removers, now standing uncomfortably twirling their caps. "Do your stuff."

"But one minute!" I tried desperately to shut the door. "I—I've got guests inside."

"Guests? What on earth are you doing entertaining guests here?"

"I—I rented the house. Furnished. By the year."

"You certainly did nothing of the sort!"

"But I did," I insisted. "The

"That's solved our problem about Sir Lancelot's money, anyway," I said to Nikki some time later.

We were sitting in the carpetless and curtainless rooms that Mrs. Marston, in deference to my wife's condition, had finally allowed us to occupy for the night.

"I wish it hadn't happened like this, though," said Nikki miserably.

I put my arms round her and smiled. Now it was all over I felt a peculiar sense of relief.

"Nikki, my sweet, I know it all looks a bit disastrous at the moment. But if nothing worse happens in all our married life, we'll still be one of the world's luckiest couples, won't we?" I kissed her. "And they didn't take the fridge?"

She shook her head. "Then we've still got our dinner—cold roast chicken and fifty-two hock. Come on, darling—we can eat it on the kitchen window-sill."

"My dear Mrs. Marston—I began."

"Call me Diane, dear, do."

"My dear Diane, we are completely in your hands. I'm afraid we've simply got nowhere to go, except your house."

It was a morning more than a fortnight later when Mrs. Marston and I met again. Our rendezvous was a small hotel in South Kensington, which seemed to exist largely for the convenience of old ladies, parsons, and men of faded military appearance. We were sitting

together in a small dark lounge, thickly forested with ferns which looked as weary of their surroundings as the residents.

"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself the other afternoon," she apologised briefly. "It's that terrible temper of mine. And I was strung up. You know."

"Perhaps it was a rather inconvenient moment," I murmured meekly, calculating the chances of keeping a roof over the head of my wife and unborn child.

"And now your lawyer's told my lawyer the lot. And am I delighted? Do you know why?"

I shook my head.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do the moment I lay hands on that senile delinquent of a husband of mine. I'm going to take him by the scruff of his dirty neck and drag him straight down to Scotland Yard and tell them to charge him with embezzlement, or whatever it is. Then I'm going to put on my best hat and sit in the front row of the Old Bailey, and after that I'm going down to Dartmoor to watch him breaking stones for the next fifteen years, which he's deserved ever since he got out of the cradle."

She paused, coiling her indignation for another spring.

Our meeting had been arranged by Mr. Robinson, my family solicitor, a thin bird-like man rustling in a nest of red-taped papers high above Chancery Lane, whom I had

To page 66

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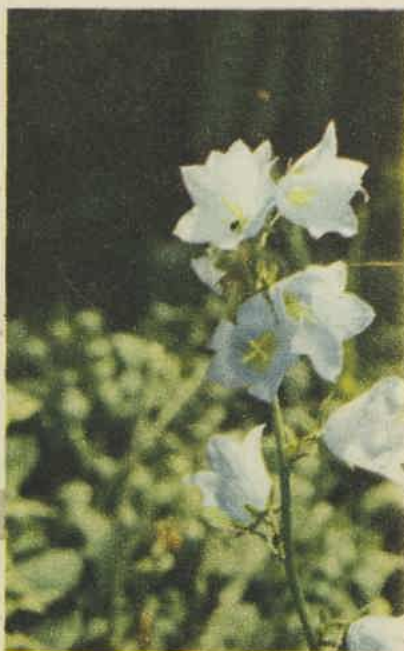
This extensive family has hundreds of varieties, some being annuals and others biennials or perennials.

Annuals, such as Canterbury bells (there is also a biennial variety of this flower), should be started in spring from seed. Perennials and biennials should be sown in summer or early autumn. Perennials are raised also from divisions of the old roots.

Many of them are tall growers of pyramidal form, bearing graceful pendant bells from hair-like stems.

The name bellflower comes from the shape of the blooms, which resemble tiny bells. They are mostly blue, white, or pink, and vary in height from 1ft. to 4ft. All require an open, sunny position.

GARDENING



• *Campanula portenschlagiana* does best in a half-shaded rock garden, where it forms clumps of dwarf foliage. Attractive deep blue flowers bloom from December through to February.

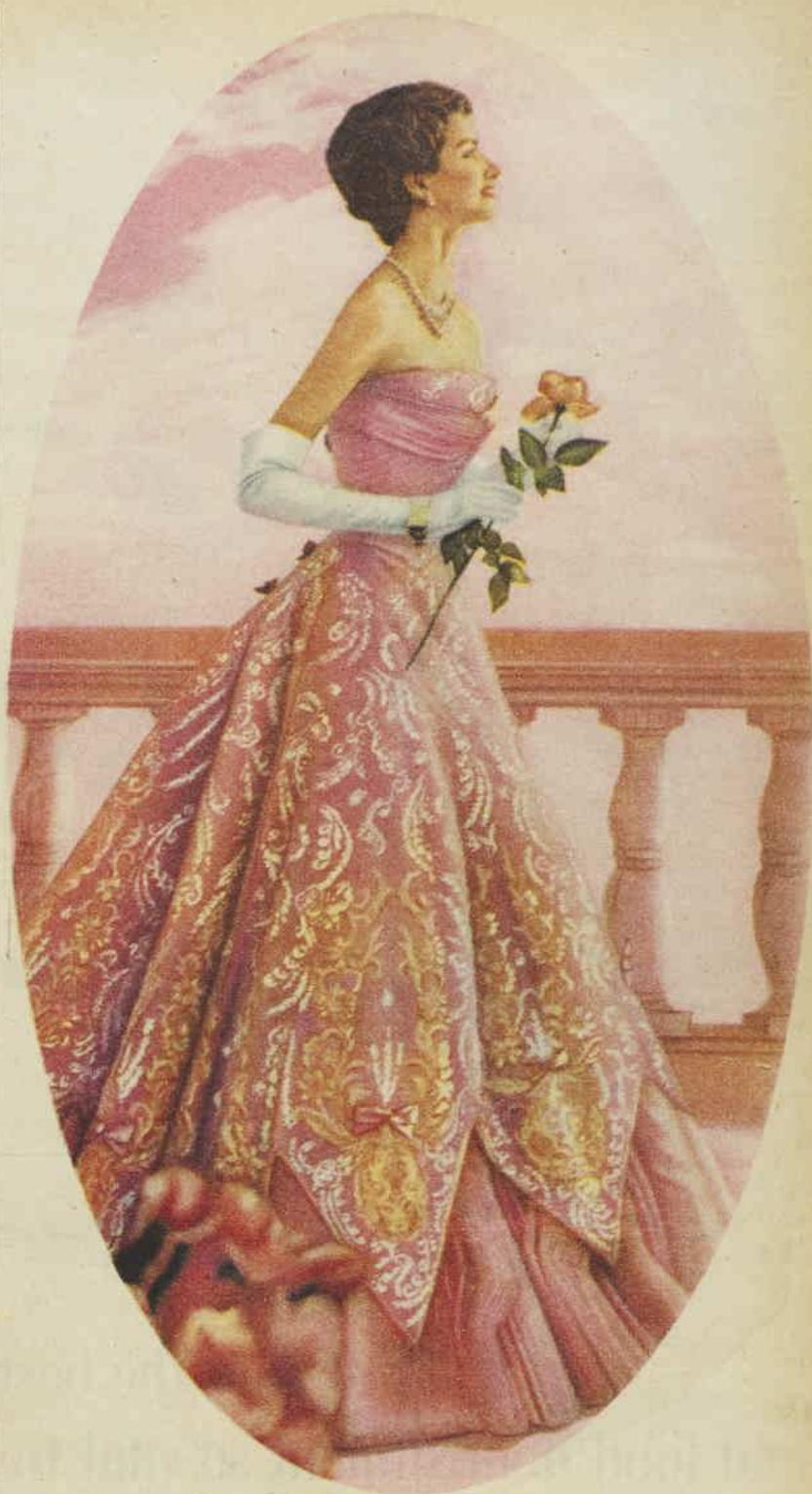


• *Campanula latifolia* (above) is a quick-spreading perennial with heart-shaped leaves and 4ft. flower spikes. Sow seeds in summer or autumn and divide old plants in autumn or spring.

• *Campanula persicifolia* (left) is a low-growing perennial and the most beautiful of these long-lived plants. This variety should be divided annually in early autumn or in the spring.



• *Campanula medium*, or Canterbury bells, have been grown in Britain for hundreds of years. Annuals should be sown in spring. Biennials in summer or early autumn.



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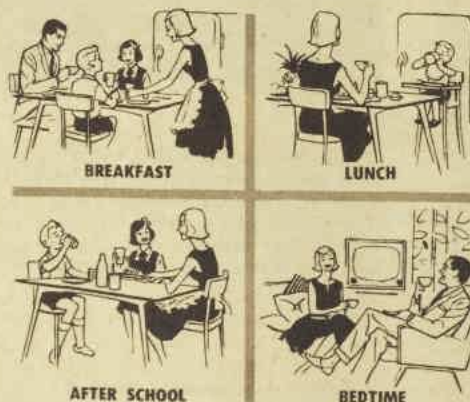


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Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 64

known since the days when he would playfully tickle my ears with a writ.

"You have been a very foolish young man," he had told me severely, when I called at his office earlier in the morning.

I agreed with him. I had a pregnant wife, no home, little furniture, an infuriated godfather, and — worst of all — the self-humiliation of people who have bought gold bricks, shares in imaginary oil-wells, Tower Bridge, and other tempting bargains.

"Surely you of all people must know the danger of scorning professional advice?"

Mr. Robinson continued. "The result may perhaps not be quite so disastrous in law as in medicine, but I assure you that it is generally equally uncomfortable for the patient."

He drew a slip of paper from a desk piled with the hopes of a score of litigants.

"I have been making a few inquiries about Marston," he went on in a gloomy undertone to his top waistcoat button, the confidant of all his conversations.

"The man has absconded to Australia—an enterprising part of the world, with the added attraction of being beyond the jurisdiction of the British courts. He is in company with the co-respondent, upon whom he has no doubt lavished your quarter's rent. You will, of course, never see your money again. If it is any consolation to you, neither will a lot of other people."

"I'm afraid it isn't much consolation," I murmured sadly.

MR. ROBINSON declared with some professional satisfaction. "Meanwhile, you and your wife are liable to be evicted from the premises forthwith. And you can naturally be sued for trespass into the bargain. Why, you haven't even got a tenancy agreement."

"I'm certainly going to get everything signed on the dotted line in future, believe me."

"Mrs. Marston seemed on the telephone a somewhat volatile young person. But as there is no doubt about her bona fides I can only suggest you make yourself as agreeable as possible to her, in the hope she may let you remain in situ. Possibly," he concluded, "your profession will be of more use in the circumstances than mine."

I found it difficult to make any impression at all on the wronged Mrs. Marston, as she spent the first half an hour talking incessantly about her husband. Nothing is more boring than stories of other people's marital adventures, though I had to hear so many in my professional hours I could have patiently endured another; but unfortunately she used a voice that brought several old ladies peering through the ferns like startled animals in the jungle, and scowls from a faded military man reading his paper opposite.

"And what do you think of that for the conduct of a so-called gentleman?" she ended some involved episode centring round a hairbrush.

"I think you've been a very brave woman," I said, this being my stock and prudently noncommittal reply.

She paused to use her lipstick. "As I mentioned," I went on

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anxiously. "I'm afraid we've nowhere to go. We've a bit of furniture of our own."

"Sorry I had to take mine, dear. I've got a flat in the Earls Court Road, and I'm simply lost without the telly."

"And particularly in view of my wife's condition—"

She gave a laugh. "I was forgetting about that. Poor duck! It must be terribly dull for you."

"No, it's rather interesting, as a matter of fact."

She gave me a smile as smooth as her nylons, and probably as synthetic.

"Now, if we could arrange some sort of tenancy agreement—"

"Good heavens, is that the time? I've got to be at Ketter's in two minutes. Get me a taxi, dear."

"Mrs. Marston—Diane—" I implored, following her into the street determined to continue the conference at all costs.

"About your house—"

"There's a taxi. Taxi, taxi! What about my house?"

"Can we please stay in it?"

"Why, do you want to? I'm much too flustered to talk about things like that just now. Bye, bye, dear."

"But the house—"

"Come and see me in the Earls Court Road. Any time. Just give me a ring."

She shouted her telephone number from the cab and swept off, and for the first time I felt a twinge of sympathy for her husband.

"I seem to be completely useless at any sort of business negotiation," I said hopelessly to Mr. Robinson on the telephone a few minutes later. "Perhaps

you'd better handle it all yourself."

"She might be persuaded to sell the property," he conjectured sombrely. "Though that would be somewhat expensive for you. I might be able to arrange a mortgage, but you will still have to find a sizeable sum yourself."

"Do whatever you like," I said in desperation, and rang off.

I felt that Mr. Robinson would at least escape the invitation to the Earls Court Road.

I also felt that I was totally inadequate for the responsibility of conducting a wife and a child through the world, but there seemed nothing else I could do. I moodily took a sandwich and a cup of coffee in a teashop and I went as usual to my Thursday clinic at St. Swithin's.

Doctors have a weakness for escaping from the world into their profession, and as I pushed aside the heavy glass doors of the surgical block that afternoon, to sniff the familiar mixture of antiseptic, floor-polish, and stewing fish exhaled by all British hospitals, I had a warm feeling of homecoming.

Englishmen show the same unaffected reverence towards their old tutorial establishments as Americans towards their old mothers, and I was unashamedly fond of the ancient place—though St. Swithin's was not in fact thought particularly old among the stately hospitals of England which stand so in-

conveniently in the middle of our industrial towns.

It was young compared with Guy's, which was founded on a successful speculator's profits from the South Sea Bubble, and infantile compared with St. Thomas', which rose on the banks of the Thames in company with the Tower. St. Swithin's was said to have started as an apothecary's shop on the green northern edge of the city,



once patronised by Dr. Johnson seeking a cure of the melancholy, and evolved like such successful institutions as our Monarchy, Parliament, and Church by a series of brilliant makeshifts.

Nourished by the purses of the City merchants, it turned into an Almshouse for the Sick Poor, which under the Victorians became an Institution for the Industrious Indigent, and under the National Health Service an adjunct to North Metropolitan (No. 15 area) Regional Hospital Board.

Meanwhile its buildings struggled like trapped animals to regain the countryside which yearly receded further, until in the middle of the nineteenth century they gave up the fight and came to rest between two sets of railway lines and a gin distillery, where today they present much the same appearance as first depressed the wounded veterans of the Crimea.

AS stomach-ache can be caused by anything from duodenal ulcers to unrequited love, the gastric clinic at St. Swithin's was run jointly by Mr. Hubert Cambridge, F.R.C.S., one of our surgeons, Dr. Peter Pennyworth, F.R.C.P., the senior physician, and Dr. Granley-Dickins, D.P.M., the psychiatrist.

The patient's fate largely depended on which of this abdominal triumvirate laid hands on him first. Mr. Cambridge giving his sufferers a cheerful slap on the stomach with the advice, "You'll be far better off with it out," Dr. Pennyworth taking them into his ward for six weeks on a bland diet, and Dr. Granley-Dickins plunging them back to their subconscious at the age of two.

Although some of Mr. Cambridge's cases continued to complain of their non-existent stomachs, and one of Dr. Granley-Dickins' perforated his duodenal ulcer on the analyst's couch, the clinic worked usefully and was even applauded as an enlightened essay in social medicine.

As it is the job of the family doctor to explain away specialists' failures for the rest of the patient's life, I was chosen to attend as their representative—though perhaps less through

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my clinical abilities than the personal friendship I had enjoyed with Mr. Cambridge over several years.

That afternoon I trod the well-known corridors warily. I'd had no communication from my godfather beyond a curt acknowledgment of my letter of apology, but I thought it unlikely that his uncomfortable half-hour with us would drive him straight back to Herefordshire.

I had heard of his old consulting desk being moved into

his new study, where he sat every morning staring across some of the prettiest scenery in England struggling to start his memoirs and finish his monograph "Spratt on the Colon"; but even when he retired I felt that the remote contemplation he promised both himself and his colleagues would be difficult. Medicine is as gregarious an occupation as bus-conducting, and Sir Lancelot had reached the eminence at St. Swithin's of being unable to move about the place at all without a sizeable procession immediately forming up behind him.

After a lifetime of being followed everywhere by housemen, registrars, secretaries, sisters, students, and anyone curious to discover what all the fuss was about, he suddenly found himself with no one to impress but his neighbors.

No one to command but his fruit-pickers, and no one to talk to but Lady Spratt, who had rumpled him long ago. I felt he might again be prowling round the hospital, with the same demoralising effect on the inhabitants as Jim Corbett's man-eaters prowling round Kumaon.

The gastric clinic was held in a long, cold, tiled room on the third floor of the out-patients' department, into which appetising smells from the kitchen were constantly wafted through the agency of some malevolent architect. The apartment was divided into sections by the familiar hospital screens, behind which I could hear as I entered the murmur of the three specialists, tracing their separate paths to eupepsia.

I had a battered consulting desk in one corner, with a rack of colored forms and a big pewter inkpot which probably hadn't been used since consultants wrote their prescriptions with the care of Latin elegiacs. I slipped on a white coat as I bid good afternoon to our rather superior nurse, who must have been learning to drink her school milk through a straw when I first came to St. Swithin's myself, and prepared for the problems of my first patient.

But I had hardly sat down when Mr. Cambridge appeared. "Ah, there you are, Simon," he said at once. "Been looking for you all round the refectory at lunch."

"I found a bite outside," I explained. "I had an appointment at the other end of London."

"Nurse, I think Dr. Granley-Dickins wants you." He waited while she disobligingly wandered out of earshot and went on, "Will you forgive me, my dear chap, if I ask you to discuss a personal matter?"

"Of course I will," I said readily.

Mr. Cambridge seemed unusually agitated. The most popular consultant at St. Swithin's, he was an amiable, short, fat, pink man with half-moon glasses, a surgical Mr. Pickwick, who was famous in the hospital for being rather absent-minded.

Fortunately for his patients he never forgot an abdomen, but he was generally unable to recall where he was going, where he had come from, or whether he had had his lunch. The diaries which showered on him each Christmas being scattered all over London by Easter, he managed his daily life only by going from one activity to the next by a series of conditioned reflexes.

"Your godfather, Simon," Mr. Cambridge began, absently tearing up a test meal request form. "Do you happen to know what brought him to London?"

"Oh, that's quite simple. Some family business about that child I told you we're having."

"Good gracious, are you having a baby? I didn't even know you were married. But have you any idea," he went on anxiously, "how long he'll be staying?"

"He may have gone back already for all I know. Our business is concluded—quite concluded. I haven't any idea where he is."

"I have," said Mr. Cambridge. "He's staying with me."

We passed a second of mutually sympathetic silence.

"I'm delighted, of course," the surgeon continued. "Absolutely delighted. He may be a rather difficult guest, but it's not often one gets the chance of inviting so distinguished a colleague to share one's home."

"Though I didn't actually invite him, I suppose," he reflected. "He just sort of arrived."

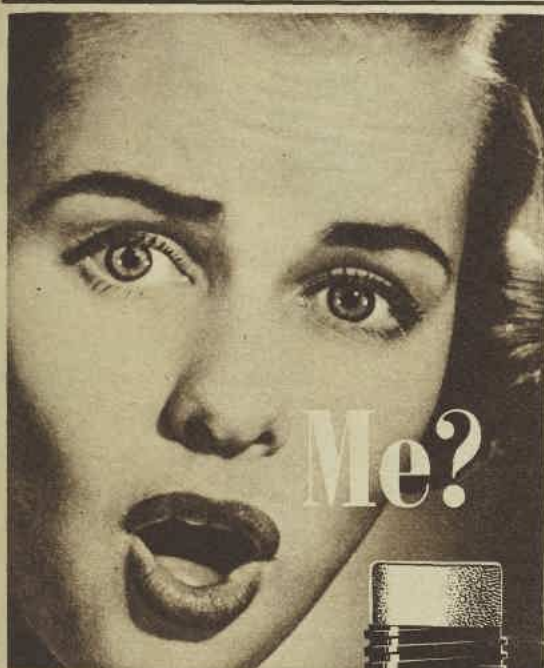
"Has he been seen in the hospital?" I asked immediately.

"Seen? My dear chap, he's hardly ever out of the place. Now he's no routine clinical work to occupy him, of course, he's plenty of time for visiting us. Though it is sometimes a little awkward, I must admit. Just when I'd got used to him staying out of my operating theatre, too."

Sir Lancelot had for several years the habit of dropping into Mr. Cambridge's theatre between his own cases, making thin jokes over the surgeon's shoulder if he were in a good mood, or staring in silence for ten minutes before sniffing loudly and departing if he were in a bad one.

"Which reminds me," Mr. Cambridge went on. "He wants to see you tonight at half-past six at my house. 'He paused as he caught my eye. 'Perhaps he would really have been happier if he'd stayed among his fruit,' he added. He gave a sigh. 'And perhaps we should have been, too.'"

To be concluded



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F5663.—Beginners' pattern for a pretty evening blouse. The huge soft collar is very feminine, and the deep V is trimmed with a fashionable rose. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 88-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand. Readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington, New C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

F5620.—Simple frock with tiny sleeves, V-neckline, and slightly gathered skirt. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5616.—Smart sheath dress for the working girl has unusual collar and back-tied self-belt. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5625.—Demure style has princess-line and deep box pleats. Requires 4 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5641.—Career-girl dress has a high neckline, unusual trim, and simple gathered skirt. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5621.—A tailored sheath with the shirt-maker look. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 226.—MATERNITY SMOCK AND SKIRT
Pretty smock for the mother-to-be and a plain maternity skirt are available cut out ready to sew. The smock is in a floral print no-iron cotton in green and gold, pale blue and gold, turquoise and red, deep blue and red, and olive and red. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 38/9. Postage 2/6 extra. Skirt is in a Sundek cotton in junior-navy, black, and Bismarck-grey. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 37/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 227.—DUCHESS SET
A pretty duchesse set in the shape of a Victorian lady is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on a white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green Irish linen. The complete set is 8/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 228.—BLOUSE
Soft blouse for the white-collar girl. Available cut out ready to sew in poplin in lemon, olive, white, pink, and turquoise, and in white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 229.—GIRL'S SUNFROCK AND BOLEO
Little girl's sunfrock with matching bolero is available cut out ready to sew in a striped and floral cotton in grey, white, and red; blue, red, and white; green, white, and red. For a two-year-old, 14/6; 3 and 4-year-old, 15/3; 5 and 6-year-old, 15/9; 7 and 8-year-old, 16/6; 9 and 10-year-old, 18/6; 11 and 12-year-old, 21/-. Postage 2/6 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning March 7



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, red, violet.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.
★ Luck in a secret.

★ That inside information could take many forms. If a business matter, it could mean that you hear of an approaching vacancy in a job where you are well qualified. If in your social department, friends may intend to propose you for office in some organisation. Personal relationships could be affected by your engagement, not yet announced.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
★ Luck through a friend.

★ A friend may introduce you to a handsome stranger who will later become your life partner, or you may be asked to make up a foursome which leads to many good times, social occasions. Should a new family move into your neighborhood, a kindred soul with similar interests will become an important factor in your world.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, black.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck through those in authority.

★ The boss may give you a lucky break lighten your duties with extra assistance. In some cases an older person uses influence to help you achieve an ambition. You may be chosen from a group for special responsibilities or a distinction. If you wear a uniform, or if you serve the Government, this period should be fortunate.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a new venture.

★ Turning your back on some recent activities is apt to leave you at a loose end, with spare time to be filled. A brand new idea may arise through a conversation, a publication, or it applies to life after lying dormant in the back of your mind. Instead of feeling bored you will be excited. This puts sparkle in your eyes, provides a goal.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a new attitude.

★ When you quarrel with your beloved, when matters, situations, go wrong, some of it will be your fault. Change your approach. Instead of commanding, make use of your magnetic personality to attract valuable friends and allies. Change them into co-operation, gain their enthusiasm for your projects, give them credit for their work.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in popularity.

★ You're sought after, invited here and there. If you're not on top of the world, it's your own fault. An important social occasion may demand great thought over what to wear. A kindness shown to a friend in an emergency may now be returned in a way you'll appreciate. Good fortune comes to you through the opposite sex.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Fri.
★ Luck in good health.

★ Vitality should be at an all-time high. If recently below par there is rapid recovery. With boundless energy you can tackle any task. Now is time for planning that autumn outfit, studying new fashions, colors. Beauty treatments, a different hair style, can give a lift to your morale. Rewards come in the admiration of those who love you.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck through young people.

★ If a parent, good fortune to a son or daughter brings you happiness. If a voluntary worker, you should be particularly successful in running a youth group. If a teenager, a boy or girl your own age may move into your neighborhood, increasing your social opportunities. If a grandparent you may take a grandchild into your home.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in solving a problem.

★ You may unravel a mystery, then deal with it accordingly. You may recover a lost article the whereabouts of which has puzzled you. If your difficulty is connected with a relative, neighbor, or a guest in your home, it may strike itself out with out action. In some way an annoyance disappears, or a crisis you dreaded never eventuates.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck through a relative.

★ A relative might find you a job. An exchange of service could produce mutual satisfaction in regard to baby-sitting or other domestic affairs. You may be able to borrow for a special occasion an article badly needed, or you get a loan in an emergency. If young, you meet your future marriage partner at the home of a relative.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 24 - FEBRUARY 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a crowded building.

★ Whatever you seek is likely to be found where the crowds are thickest. An important business transaction may be involved or merely a minor matter. You might discover a long-desired article in a shop window or pick up a sum of money on a busy footpath. A small mishap could bring you into contact with one who proves a friend.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 24 - MARCH 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, violet.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in love.

★ If in the dawn of first love, you live in a delightful world of your own filled with happy dreams. If slightly older an offer of marriage is probable. If a parent, children are more appreciative than usual, or you reach agreement with the marriage partner. Some older subjects may meet a friend of the opposite sex.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

fashioned for the life you love living

LUCAS

Velvanyl



STYLE 8041: Above, a full cut shirt dress that flounces as you step, flounces at the weather-man, too! One of many vivid prints in varying colour combinations and styles. Sizes 12-40. Price £13.13.0

Who said a print is relegated to summer? Enter Velvanyl, and seasons take a turnabout. Vivid prints from France... Switzerland... bold continental colours that put Spring in your wardrobe, proclaim "outlook—bright"; disregard the weather forecast. Velvanyl, light as a feather, warm as down... wash and wear without a care. Shrink-proof, colourfast, exclusively styled by Lucas... exclusively for you.

for the
first time ever—
summer colours
in winter prints
LUCAS

There's a Lucas Velvanyl collection in a store or salon in your neighbourhood.
For name of nearest, write: E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDENHALL
AGE 32½



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



DON'T BLIND YOURSELF TO THE FACTS



FACT 1: Tampax internal sanitary protection was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women—married or single. And, you're no exception!

FACT 2: Millions of women all over the world already use Tampax! Why shouldn't you?

FACT 3: Tampax does away with chafing, bulging pads, with twisting belts, with telltale odour. Makes users less conscious of time-of-the-month. Why not you?

FACT 4: Nothing could be daintier than Tampax. So simple to insert, change, dispose of! Your fingers never need to touch it. And carrying "spares" is no problem. Think how much you could enjoy these benefits!

FACE UP TO THE FACTS! Tampax is by far the better way, the nicer way, the modern way! Give it a trial, this very month—and you'll never want to use anything else!

ASK FOR TAMPAX at any chemists or store. Available in two absorbencies Regular and Super—to meet personal needs.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Spring Freshness



in your home all the year round
RACASAN

Air Freshener & Moth Block
The smell of sweet fresh air everywhere you hang a Racasan Air Freshener Block. No more unpleasant odours in bathrooms, toilets, kitchens, cupboards, etc. No "moth-ball" smell to linger round your clothes. Racasan Air Fresheners are available in six delightful perfumes—violet, narcissus, lavender, lilac, heather and pine.

Distributed for Racasan Limited by Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are involved in the case of the strange Horse Thief. A talking horse, masked and riderless, and brandishing a gun strapped to its foreleg, has been robbing many people. This Horse Thief

confronted Mandrake, who dodged a bullet and leapt to the Horse Thief's back. The horse tries to make Mandrake fall off, threatening him in a man's voice. Mandrake snatches off the blinkers and then the horse stands quietly. NOW READ ON:



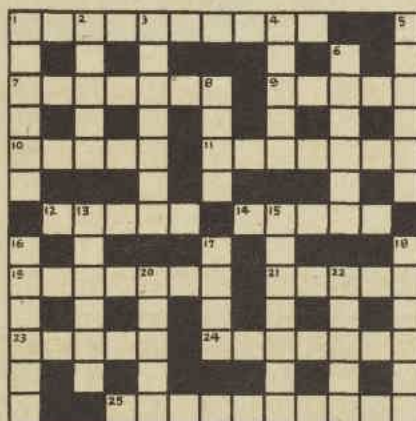
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- It is strange that daily riots form a community of interest (10).
- A gas is a South African nuisance (7).
- A manor from an Italian city (5).
- I study first holy pictures (5).
- Lax mice (Anagr., 7).
- Fat to be searched for here, and you will find it (5).
- Express the condition in which a thing is (5).
- That which affords a shade, and some of it can brag (7).
- Alert change (5).
- No ale is solitary (5).
- Poison in races (7).
- They sound frisky, and they are from Shakespeare (5, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Famous Russian leader (6).
- Girl takes nothing for a fope (5).
- What the stomach does are methodical summaries (7).
- Card game or cat (5).
- Do many make such a machine? Yes (6).
- Collision of a devil with deed (6).
- Notion in a side attack (4).
- Monkey graduate with favor (6).
- Tin star (Anagr., 7).
- Paintings on the wall (6).
- Lenin's river (4).
- They are good fellows, but they should not be dropped (6).
- Near a scene of conflict (5).
- Of sound, which you can get best on aliens (5).

SHALLOW SHAMPOOING IS NOT ENOUGH



MEDICATED

LOXENE

GETS RIGHT DOWN TO DANDRUFF

It's no use expecting dandruff and other worrying hair and scalp disorders to respond to the kind of shampooing that skims over the surface of the problem. You have to get right down to the root of the trouble... with Loxene medicated shampoo. Loxene removes the greasy scalp and hair deposits of dust and dirt that dim the hair's natural healthy liveliness. It gets your hair clinically clean—clears away dandruff and leaves the hair manageable, fresh and soft. Loxene gets results—just put it to the test!

Don't let fun in the sun cause dandruff!

Hair and scalp have a particularly hard time in our Australian summer. But Loxene counters the dandruff-forming effects of sand and salt-water—keeps your scalp clean, your hair attractive all summer long!

Economical hair health for all the family!

Loxene is amazingly economical... just one lathering gets your hair scrupulously clean. And every 4/6 bottle contains eight cleansing, medicated shampoos. Buy a bottle today—get the whole family started on the road to healthy, attractive hair!



LOXENE

MEDICATED

SHAMPOO and SCALP TREATMENT
clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness.



8 SHAMPOOS IN EVERY BOTTLE 4/6
SINGLE TREATMENT BUBBLE 1/3
L.L.C. 18

A Lovely Skin

A clean and fragrant skin—what could be more vital for beauty? What could be easier than to keep your skin that way—the bloom of youth for life—simply by washing regularly with gentle, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap? Cuticura Soap is a double beauty treatment—it contains Cuticura Ointment, so cherishes your skin like an expensive beauty cream, softening and deep cleansing to leave you perfectly spotless—in every sense! A soap for sheer skin beauty all over! And for those ugly pimples and spots use mildly-medicating soothing Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura SOAP

Keep a young skin always—with Cuticura



DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES



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A message to all pain sufferers from a grateful DOLAMIN user



Highett, (VICT.)

The Manager,
Nyal Company,

Dear Sir,

I've been suffering with sciatic fibrositis for 4 months. The pain has been terrible. My doctor said it was a pity I could not take A.P.C. to relieve the pain, but I just could not keep them down.

I saw your advertisement for those people who could not take them to buy NYAL DOLAMIN TABLETS. Next morning I did, I took only 4, and I really got relief. To-day I cannot feel the pain.

I was so thrilled to get relief. So Dolamin Tablets will be another addition to the many Nyal products I already have in my bathroom cupboard.

A grateful user,
(Mrs.) V. Fordham.

You, too, can now get Pain Relief *without* stomach upset

If you put up with pain because you cannot take ordinary pain relievers you can take DOLAMIN and get wonderful relief without stomach upset.

With DOLAMIN, nagging pains go, without upset, because only DOLAMIN is chemically pre-digested!

Medical research has made this possible by discovering an entirely new analgesic—*n-acetyl-para-aminophenol*—DOLAMIN. By a special laboratory process, DOLAMIN is chemically pre-digested, and stomach irritants present in ordinary pain-relievers are completely removed. This "pre-digestion" is why DOLAMIN is *naturally accepted* by the body; why it is ready to get to the centre of pain the moment you take it... *without stomach upset!*

Many thousands of pain sufferers are proving every day how NYAL DOLAMIN speedily relieves their aches and pains for up to 5 hours; reduces high temperatures quickly to ease feverishness. No longer must you suffer the pain of headache, neuralgia, nerve and muscular aches, sinusitis, sciatica, and toothache. You can now have DOLAMIN handy to bring you relief—*safe, positive relief!* 36 tablets **4/6** 100 tablets **10/9**

DOLAMIN is all Pain Reliever!

Contains NO aspirin • NO phenacetin

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

**PAIN SUFFERERS!
TEST DOLAMIN AT
OUR EXPENSE**

Please send your name and address to Dept. A, Box 3286, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W., for a 4 tablet, TOLERANCE TEST SAMPLE of DOLAMIN.



N51159

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